



# *The Daughter of Angy*

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*Dora M.M. Goodwin*





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# THE DAUGHTER OF ANGY

*By*

DORA M. M. GOODWIN



RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

BOSTON



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*The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.*

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*Dedicated to my Aunt,  
Miranda Janvrin (Shaw) Browne*







**THE DAUGHTER OF ANGY**







# THE DAUGHTER OF ANGY

## I

**R**UBY Hastings, do you realize what you have done? Dad ought never to forgive you," she said, pointing one finger reproachfully at herself in the pier glass.

What a canvas for a Raphael, a Rembrandt or a Velasquez.

Her dark hazel eyes, her light wavy hair, her rosy cheeks and lips and dimpled chin, her grace of figure, all making my heroine a fairy goddess, holding in her extended hand the light of inspiration, a beacon light that blends the soul with immortality.

Refinement dwelt in the mahogany panelling of this room on Beacon Hill. The rosy hued carpet had an air of hospitality and bade her sit down and be content.

"How strange it all is," she said, sinking into a chair. "If it had not been for those girls, I never should have thought of doing it; but let me see! He said it was for my good to stay here, my life was in danger."

Her fingers clutched the pages nervously. "You are to have hosts of admirers," her notes read, "discerned by you from certain marks and events."



“ ‘Certain marks and events,’ how strange and yet those girls believed in him. Wellesley is dear to me, its associations and its memories. After my visit to dear old dad and mamma, back again I shall come.”

Her face beamed with a happy smile as she spoke aloud.

“ ‘Whatever comes in your life you always will be protected from harm.’ ”

“What was that,” she cried, as a moaning, creaking sound came from without. She dropped her notes and peered out into the gathering gloom. What mysterious figure lurked in the Court.

The lights of the Common shone but dimly. The air was laden with sleet.

“It’s going to be a dreary night,” she said, going back to her notes.

“I must wire mamma in the morning that I have not started.”

“ ‘If any one asks you why you do certain things,’ ” she read, “ ‘tell them a voice told you to.’ How very strange! People will think college girls are queer geniuses, if I should,” and she laughed merrily. “And mother, what will she think if I word a message, ‘A voice told me to stay on Beacon Hill,’ without any explanation.”

Time wrapped the mantle of oblivion about her and she slept all unmindful of the fury of the storm outside.

The snow came in swirls and twists, pelting against



the panes with unceasing fury. The drifts were piling in unshapely masses on the Common and in the streets impeding the car traffic and the cabbies with lash and curse were abreast the storm. Midnight came. The old timepiece on the landing commenced droning the hour, "one, two, three," and a musical voice said, "where am I? Oh!" and as if recollection helped her, she counted aloud "five, six, seven, eight — — — — — twelve o'clock."

"Whew—ew—ew!" went the wind. She rubbed her eyes. The windows rattled and on came another gust tugging at the walls, jarring her bed in its mad frenzy. "Was that man a wizard, a prophet or a philosopher? He foresaw all this. It was this terrible storm he saw in my path that threatened my life."

"Whew—ew—ew!" came the torrent of sleet pounding at the panes for admittance.

She sprang from her bed, her beautiful hair resting like a royal diadem on her head. She brushed it back and with a bounding step gained the window.

She peered through it and with a whirlwind of thought clutching at her heart strings, she spoke.

"White crystal crowns, moulded into a monument for the dead who sleep not under the sod but in the arms of immortality."

On came another gust. It seemed to her the last before the sashes would give way and destruction



would be in its wake. She gathered up her papers, dressed herself hurriedly and started toward the door, but in doing so she caught sight of herself in the mirror. What a frightened face it was! She walked toward it.

"Calm thyself, Ruby Hastings, God is thy keeper and in Him you should trust."

And the words rang in her ears. "Fear not. He who guides the tempest, has your life in His keeping. Whatever comes in your life you always will be protected from harm."

Her face calmed, her eyes gained their limpid beauty and she sank back to rest 'mid the whirling tempest of the wintry blast.

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"Oh, doctor save him," she cried hysterically. "Save him, save him." Then came an indescribable wail.

Ruby opened her eyes. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she panted, "give me water."

"Herald, Globe, Post. Full account of the catastrophe."

"Where?" she cried. She gazed about her. The faint light caught the pallor of her cheeks.

"Have I been dreaming? Oh! Dad, Dad, are you really safe?"

"Full account of the horrible train wreck. Herald, Globe, Post."

"Am I awake? 'Train wreck' did he say?" and she raised herself to a half sitting posture.



"Herald, Globe, Post!" came the high staccato of the newsboy.

"Yes, I am awake and Dad, he's all right. Oh, but how real it all was. The dashing steed rushing along the Ocean boulevard, the plunge of the horse. The motionless body of poor Dad on the macadam with the doctor standing over him.

"Oh," and then a voice seemed to whisper in her ear. "Whatever comes in your life, you will always be protected from harm."

"I must peruse this book today from first to finish. I am thoroughly in earnest. What an old book it is. Published 'way back in the seventeenth century."

The storm became an echo, so interested did she become. The shrill staccato of the newsboy died into oblivion.

Food became an uncalled for commodity.

Back into the centuries she went; yes, back to the days of Nero, Alexander the Great and Pope Gregory XV. Reaching out with greedy thought she caught the enthusiasm of this rare old book with a bound, tossing it back into the recesses of thought with a challenge that civilization would be its Mecca.

And the clock on the landing played its part, and time holds the secrets of the hours as one by one their herald calls.



## II

**R**EBECCA Ann needs no introduction to this narrative as we shall see by her opening words. "I told Hiram he was a fool and this confirms it. 'The train's all gone to smash,' " she read aloud from the morning Examiner, "but he would have her start. How often I have told him his strong will would be the ruination of him. Yes, that's the train. I'll make sure," and she made a hurried examination of Ruby's letter telling the day and time of her expected departure from Boston.

"Angenette says 'yes, yes' to every thing her husband says, so what I had to offer on the subject of storms and wash outs, went for naught."

Her long pointed finger kept her place on the column. She read aloud.

"Engineer and fireman reported dead. All Pullman passengers on car No. 2 thrown over an embankment and perished. Car No. 8 was ditched and had not a fire broken out, many lives would have been saved."

"What's the news, Ann? This is a nice bright morning. Angenette is out in the garden."

"Yes! I dare say, always behind, looking into something."



"You'd better call her. Read this," and she thrust the paper before him. "What did I tell you, Hiram Hastings!"

Hiram threw his match hastily into the open grate, and took the paper.

Angenette appeared, just as a look of horror darkened his face.

"Here are some roses for you, dear," she said, moving forward as quickly as her fleshy frame would allow. "These are better than ever—" she ran on "and Ruby will just revel with them."

"Ruby," cried Rebecca Ann hysterically, "Look at Hiram! Look at the paper!" she blurted out.

"Oh! Rebecca, please stop. Oh, Angy!" and Mrs. Hastings cast aside the paper without even looking at it, and bent over her husband's prostrate form.

"Don't get frightened over yourself, Hiram, dear, it's only an attack of dyspepsia. I guess it was that lobster salad. I told Delia the lobster did not look quite fresh."

"Oh, Angy, Angy."

"This is no time to wail, Hiram," says Rebecca, "I've just rung up Peter to hitch up Mary Ann to take you to find out the full particulars, for you might just as well find out the worst first as last."

"Worst," says Angy. "Worst of what?"

"Oh, Angy, Angy, let me go."

"Here's your hat, Hiram," continued Rebecca heroically, "and here's my smelling salts. Take a



good whiff, if you want to listen to me, just before you step into the telegraph office."

"Telegraph office. You'll find you haven't lost anything, Hiram dear," his wife called after him, and fleet Mary Ann sped down the driveway apace.

And shall we follow his shaking hand as he pens the dispatch?

" 'When did Ruby Hastings leave Wellesley? When did she start West?' " and the click, click of the operator ticked away as he waited, and his face was grave and sallow. His eyes, though small, set well with his features but were full of anxiety. His long, thin fingers beat a nervous tattoo, and as the minutes came and went he hitched nervously in his chair.

"Sir," said the operator, turning toward the distressed countenance of Hiram Hastings, "the wires are utterly useless beyond a certain point. One of the worst blizzards in fifty years is raging in the East. I can find out nothing for you and I am very sorry, sir," he continued, as Hiram gave a convulsive cough. "I am afraid tomorrow the system will be tied up also. Wind blowing fifty miles an hour—traffic practically at a stand-still."

"Ah, me!" said Hiram. "Wire at my expense. Use every known means to give me my desired information and 'phone the result," said Mr. Hastings with bowed head and knotted brow.

"I will, sir."

What a greeting on his return. Rebecca Ann



stood by the porch, her face drawn and pinched, her eyes steadily fixed on his leaden visage.

"Speak out, Hiram, what is it?" she said, stepping close. "I have kept all papers away from Angy, so speak low."

"No news is good news, Rebecca. There is a furious blizzard raging in the East. Wire communication cut off."

"Well there," says Rebecca, "cheer up, Hiram. There's never a day so dismal but what a rift in the clouds appears. Where there's suspense, there's hope!"

"Oh, Hiram!" says his wife, puffing from her over-exertion "when did you get back? I've watched and watched excepting when I stepped in to take a look at my new bonnet. It really is a beauty and I look so young in it, Hiram! You found you didn't lose anything, didn't you, dear?"

"Yes, Angy, my stocks and bonds are all right," and he heaved a long-drawn sigh.

"You should not hurry so, Hiram, it makes you look pale. The thought that Ruby will be here so soon makes me so happy. Sit down, Hiram, and I will crochet a little. I ought to buy Ruby's Christmas present but I can't seem to think what to get; but there's time enough, Hiram, isn't there?" and how little she knew of his suffering, as hour after hour passed.

It was late Wednesday when Rebecca Ann appeared at the telegraph office. Her face was firm and decided, and full of anxiety.



“Message, madam, for Hiram Hastings.”

Rebecca took it, and read: “Miss Hastings left supposedly on ill fated train, car 8, Drawing Room A.”

She stood sphinx-like for a moment when another message was handed to her.

“Porter of car No. 8 found and interviewed. Drawing room not occupied.”

Consternation followed her frenzied thought, when the third dispatch was passed to her.

“I am safe and leave Thursday, Dec. 1st, at 5 o'clock for California. Ruby Hastings.”

She staggered to a chair overjoyed, but Rebecca was not one of the fainting sort. Oh, no, she must hasten home to brother Hiram with the exultant news, keeping the first responses deep down in her reticule, and with her joy, she forgets her sorrow.



### III

**A**LL aboard" cried the official.  
As we scan the faces of the passengers, Ruby Hastings, with glowing cheek and laughing eye, is passed nimbly to the limited for New York by the porter. Her heart is full of joy—that at last she is on her way.

The storm havoc has passed, like a tidal wave. It is Thursday, the first of December. The train in one mad rush dashes along past city and town, only stopping when the guiding engineer curbs its will. Then comes the transfer in New York. Then a night on the train. After a short delay in Washington, morning finds the train gliding along past cotton sticks and red soil, past the weather-beaten homes in this land of the freed.

What a rest with its wondrous simplicity that challenges the grandest canyons and caverns! The wildest river or most turbulent sea with all the conflict of thought, like the "Pastoral Symphony," of Beethoven, it holds us spell-bound.

Speed away, my noble steed. Stay not thy speed till all green things cry out a joyous welcome 'neath the blue sky of New Orleans. This the Appian



Way of peace and plenty, where sunny smiles from leaf and bower greet you by the way.

Reach out and grasp the magnitude of the welcoming Mississippi, whose mighty arm opens wide the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

Crossing this, the Father of Waters, in a flat-boat is a novel venture and who can but say grand, majestic, mighty. Unchallenged by the Abyssinian Nile, unrivalled by the far famed Rhine, this veteran to guard the destinies of mankind untrammelled by the hand of time.

Triumphant, exultant, with a will we hail this mighty chieftain, and send up a royal cheer, that shall be caught through the length and breadth of its ways.

Then looking from the car windows just in time to see the native-born toilers of the soil on the famous sugar-bowl tract; men and women alike, in their native and picturesque costumes, cutting the tall and juicy stalks, with one sweep of their machete.

Here, a group with upturned faces looking at the passing train.

Coming up the straight and even paths, are the high mule teams, half loaded for the train in waiting away off in the distance.

Like specks on the horizon are the humble homes.

Across the Pecos river, the train creeps over a trestle bridge with granite walls on either side standing for the binding seal of God's power, leaving a lasting thought to run with the river between.



Past the Gila Bend, famous for the gila monsters and giant cacti of the plain, the train sped on.

Then a halt is made at Yuma, a border town into California.

See the Indians with coarse faces, alike coarse hair, straight and black as the raven's wing.

Look at their beads of varied hues strung and hung on their arms, in harmony and discord with their own dress of varied hues.

Look on Mt. San Bernardino, a never-to-be forgotten view. On awakening, your first view of orange groves and palms, an unbroken panorama of luxuriant vegetation, 'mid the sweet scent of nature's charms from now on speeding to the land of unending blooms.

Stilled not their petals of beauty by the biting frost of eastern clime, they burst forth afresh in redoubled beauty as the hours pass.



#### IV

**S**HALL I describe the scene at Santa Barbara station on that evening of Dec. 6, 1898. As I write the dashing pair of greys driven by Peter, sweeps up to the curb, and Hiram and Rebecca alight. The shrill whistle of the approaching train rings in their ears. The horses dance and wheel, and Peter holds tight at the ribbons.

Nearer and nearer comes the ponderous mass of steel, until finally, the snort, snort of escaping steam ends the suspense, and Hiram in a second more, has Ruby in his arms, Rebecca looking on.

"Well, I declare, Hiram, what fools some folks are, now let me make a fool of myself. How are you, Ruby?"

"Oh, I am so glad to be home again, Aunt Rebecca. Now let's hurry to see mamma," and Peter touched his hat in salute, and off went Jupiter and Juno, dancing up and down, then spurting ahead under Peter's manoeuvring guidance, keeping a steady even trot, until the ascent began.

"Martha's daughter, Suky Rocks, has come to stop with us, Ruby. I want you to be firm friends."

"All right, Dad, I shall do my part. What is she like?"



"A person of mean stature, thin face, brown hair and dark complexion, naturally dejected after her bereavement, a little peevish and discontented, and the misfortune to have a hitch in her gait."

"Oh, what a pity, Dad. I shall do my real best to make her forget her misfortunes."

"That's you, out and out, Ruby."

"Oh, what lovely roses, Aunt Rebecca, and the acacia, how beautiful it looks and the pepper trees, and poinsetta and there's Ma—and is that cousin Suky? There's Delia."

A moment later Mrs. Hastings held her darling at arm's length, then pressed her to her, all unmindful of the awkward place she was putting Ruby in.

Suky was about turning to make a hasty retreat into the sitting room, when Ruby freeing herself went forward with a bound and nodding a happy welcome to Delia, she took both Suky's hands in hers, looked straight into her dark eyes a minute, then kissed her fondly.

"We'll have great times, Cousin Suky, while I'm home. What do you like best, horseback riding, driving, or teas?"

"Come right in and sit down here," called Rebecca, "and by-and-by, when your rested we'll hear about the storm and your experiences."

"It was so funny, Dad, a voice told me to stay on Beacon Hill." And Suky sat quiet without a word, Rebecca Ann noticed.

"Believe me, Dad, this was all that saved my



life for my ticket was bought, my drawing-room engaged.”

“I am glad, Ruby, you had sense enough to stay under covers somewhere,” said Rebecca sitting forward in her chair so’s to catch every word.

“Oh, Hiram—” called his wife, “just open the door, won’t you and let out Pansy, that’s a dear. I must get a new ribbon for her collar, the very next time I go to town.”

Suky cast a look of reproach towards Hiram’s wife, not lost to Rebecca. “Not much love lost between the two, I guess,” she soliloquized.

“It was really a dreadful storm. One of the Portland boats was lost, with all on board. I just read the time away. That was really all that was left to do.”

Suky’s face had another sinister smile, only noticed by the keen eyes of Rebecca Ann.

“Now, Cousin Suky,” said Ruby, turning toward her, “we’ll pluck the roses for tea, and plan tomorrow’s drive.”



V

**H**IRAM, here's a letter from a law firm in the northwest," said Rebecca Ann, adjusting her spectacles. "Lord and Norcross, isn't it? You see."

Hiram took the long envelope, scanned it narrowly and with the letter he unfolded a long document.

"It's somebody's will, Hiram."

"Brother William, Rebecca, has passed away. It's years since we've heard from him, poor fellow."

"Let me see it, Hiram."—The door opened cautiously but Rebecca was all engrossed with her reading.

" '1st. I give and bequeath to my brother, Hiram Hastings, of Montecito, California,' " she read aloud, " ' the sum of \$25,000.00.

" '2nd. I give and bequeath to my sister, Rebecca Ann Hastings, the sum of \$25,000.00.

" '3rd. I give and bequeath to Suky Rocks, daughter of my deceased sister, Martha Rocks, the sum of \$5,000.00. ' "—the door creaked.

" '4th. I give and bequeath to my brother Hiram's wife, Angenette Hastings, the sum of \$10,000.00.

" '5th. I give and bequeath to Ruby Hastings, only child of my brother, Hiram Hastings, the rest



and residue of my estate whether real, personal or mixed, wherever found.

“ ‘6th. My brother, Hiram Hastings of Montecito, Cal., I appoint the sole executor of this, my last will and testament, without surety or bonds, the said executor being allowed the full two years to adjust my affairs. If during that time any of the above beneficiaries should die, his or her bequest is to be equally divided among the remaining beneficiaries.’

“That means, Hiram, that Ruby’s to be an heiress and her only safety against titled dukes and such rubbish is in keeping the whole thing to ourselves and that’s a hard thing to do with Angy’s easy-going ways. No one need know the exact figures. You’re the sole executor. Let me see it a minute? Yes. I think, Hiram,” says Rebecca, lowering her voice to a whisper, “between you and me, that Suky is a trifle jealous of our Ruby already.”

“Nonsense, Rebecca, no one could be jealous of Ruby.”

“Time will tell, Hiram, but whatever you do don’t let Delia get an inkling of what’s up. I’ve heard people ‘suppose such and such things should happen what would take place,’ and the like. The golden rule is a good thing to possess but, Hiram, it don’t pay to expose it to the weather. It’s apt to turn.”

“Oh, what have you there, Hiram?” calls his wife.

“Brother William has passed away, Angy.”



"Brother William, oh dear! dear! dear! What ailed him? Give me your smelling salts, Rebecca, quick. Get the doctor, Hiram. Oh! oh! oh!" she gasped. "What is that long document, Hiram?"

"His will, dear. Do you feel better?"

"Yes, a little. Let me lay my head on your shoulder while you read it. Did he leave us anything?"

"Yes, Angy, a little."

"Well, that's better than nothing."

"Will you promise, Angy, not to speak of it outside?"

"Oh, yes, Hiram, if you don't want me to, but wouldn't it help Ruby's prospects a little to let a little information accidentally drop down to the church?"

"Oh, no, dear, there's not enough for that. There is the dinner gong now, dear. Do you feel like going to the table or shall I have Delia serve your food here?"

"I guess I better have it here, dear, but Hiram, perhaps I could come," she called after him, but he didn't hear her and was surprised upon entering the dining-room to find her there before him talking busily with Ruby.

"Where's Aunt Rebecca and Cousin Suky, Dad? I've been writing to Evelyn and Claude, my chums, and haven't laid eyes on them for two hours."

"Rebecca was in the sitting room a moment ago, I think she went to take care of some mail matter



for me. Angy, haven't you told Ruby about your ill turn?"

"No, Hiram, dear, I was so full of the death of Brother William and his will."

"Sh! sh!" says Rebecca hurrying in, her finger pressed convulsively on her lips for silence, and Angy's observing glance made her shiver for her first offence, for Delia, at that moment, had thrust her head through the door, her large full eyes fixed well upon the offender.

"Where can Suky be," asked Ruby full of anxiety.

"She may have ventured too close to the edge of some ridge and fallen. I don't feel hungry, Dad. Hadn't I better look for her?"

"Well, if you like. She is a poor unfortunate."

"Well, if ever I would let her do that, Hiram, leave her dinner and hunt for that—" but Ruby was off and Rebecca left the table and stalked majestically out of the dining room opening the door quickly into the hall, she came against an obstacle but not appearing to notice what it was she made for her room without saying a word, but when well into it and her door closed behind her we readily can see her state of mind. "What did I tell Hiram about that girl. Men are blinder than bats, and Angy—her tongue will never stop wagging on forbidden subjects.

"She's pliable and when she see's she ought not to do anything, she tries not to, but, alas! she's so imaginative, so irresolute but on the whole, I think



a lot of her and Ruby—she just adores her mother and that's the way it should be. But what is Suky so sly about. It won't ever do for me to tell what I saw to Hiram. He'll think I am jealous of the minx."

"Don't speak of Brother William's will, Angy, will you?" Hiram pleaded when he was alone with her. "Rebecca and I both agree it's best to keep the subject very quiet."

"I told Ruby, Hiram, and if you hadn't come just as you did she would have burst out crying. That's why she couldn't eat any dinner. She said she remembered him well when we wa'n't so well off. How nice he was to her and the kind heart he expressed towards her. When her doll became disabled and her play-things went astray he always helped her find them and inasmuch as he had to do with was very, very nice to her. I didn't say anything about the will to her, Hiram," she ran on, "because she was so broken up."

"Dearie, you are so full of the news, but please don't let the help hear," and in bounced Delia, her awkward figure flouncing around as if her feelings had been terribly hurt about something.

"Will I serve Miss Rebecca's soup, Miss Hastings?"

"I don't know, I really don't. Don't bother me. I can't stand care. I never could. Carry it up to her, Delia. Would it not be a good idea, Hiram?"

"But where can Ruby have gone not to be back? I'm afraid something has happened."



"Do you like Suky, Hiram, as well as you thought you should?"

"Why, yes; she's a nice kind of a girl, dear. Not like Ruby. We can't expect that. She's a gem set in a wondrous crown of beauty."

"Well, I guess that's it, Hiram. It's unfortunate to have to have her right in the home. Couldn't you arrange to have her stay somewhere else?"

The door opened and in came Suky seemingly back from a walk, her cheeks a little rosy.

"Did you see Ruby? She's gone looking for you, Suky."

"No. Well, I want my dinner. I am hungry," she said slinging her hat to the chair by the door. "I don't know why she should take that trouble, just to have me run after *her*."

"You are tired, Suky," says Hiram. "How far did you go?"

"I went, oh dear me! not far but the stubbles tripped me up and my hip is so lame by spells. I ought to have let Ruby rub me this morning when she offered. I don't suppose she will offer again."

"Shall I bring in your soup, Miss?" spoke Delia, spitefully. "Rebecca don't want hers. You can have *that*. It's all warm."

"Was there any mail, Uncle Hiram?"

"Yes, Brother William is dead."

Delia put her head to one side to catch every word.

"My Uncle William of the northwest?"



"Yes."

"He left a will, Suky," says Angy, wiping her mouth without looking up, "but Hiram says the property is small, but every little will help."

"Angy, dear," speaks Hiram, "let Suky rest. She's feeling bad about the news. The *will* will be discussed later."

"O yes, Hiram, I will."

But Delia had vent for her wrath in not being taken into the family secrets. "Oi'll till sum one and till thim not to till, that's what Oi'll bae doin," she said, shaking her large head meaningly. "There's toime enuf to deliberate, but Oi most not wait too long. They think Oi don't know anything so can't till anything, but Rebecca Ann will see. Oi'll presint a good outside, saying Oi did it to hilp Ruby's prospects, if Oi'm found out in it. Oi love the dear girl so," etc., and she rubbed her nose vigorously. "It's aisy enuf to lay it to sum one else. If it gates out, I've accomplished mae purpose. Miss Rebecca, don't hould a mortgage on mae or mae *tongue*."

"Ting-a-ling-ding."

"Who's that, Oi wonder?" and Delia hurried for the door.

"Is Miss Ruby Hastings within?"

"I can't say, sir, but you stip in the music room a minute while Oi find out. The rist are at dinner. Dr. Klingwinter, it is."

"Miss Rebecca telephoned for me for Miss Ruby, Delia. She is ill."



"Oh, Oi didn't know that, Doctor. Step roight this way with me."

"Oi showed the doctor right up, Miss Rebecca," she said, opening the door of Ruby's room, without any preliminaries. "She's comfortable sick Oi guess," whispered Delia, "just a little set up over some property she's to inherit" and off went Delia to answer the table call.

"Did any one come in?"

"Yes, the doctor, Mam, for Miss Ruby. Miss Rebecca sent for him."

"Suky, won't you run up to see what the matter is," said Mrs. Hastings. "Bring the desert now, Delia."

"There must be some mistake, Delia. Ruby went out."

"No, sir, Mr. Hastings. Oi just saw her with mae own eyes."

"I don't care for pudding, Angy. I will step upstairs a moment. Keep right on, Angy, and don't worry. I shall be right back."

"He's a clever looking man, Oi declare," says Delia after the doctor had come himself to the kitchen for hot water. "What a harmless kind of a soul. He is just flishy enough to be chubby and edicated enuf to be studious looking, just the dark complexion that will go good with Ruby's hair and eyes,—just old enough."

Suky rushed at that moment into the kitchen. "Is that Ruby's beau, Delia? He is tremendously sympathetic for just a professional visit."



“Don’t go upsetting anything, Suky! There’s men enuf! Oi balave, upon mae word, you are struck with him,” and the table gong rang again, leaving Delia with gloomy forebodings of the duplicity of that girl.

“She shan’t upset things. Oi know what it is to get left,” and she crooned her neck toward the glass knowingly. “Once Oi could have seen such things, but Oi can’t now,” and she made it her way to accidentally happen in the hall when the doctor left.

“Doctor, if there ever was a good girl, it’s Ruby Hastings, sir. Is sha much sick? You tind roight out, won’t you, fur her mither ain’t much thought about her, an’ Suky she loses her head aisy.”



## VI

**R**EBECCA sitting beside Ruby is busily talking. "You're left a number of hundred thousand dollars by your Uncle William," she said methodically, "and I want to warn you against fortune hunters and Suky."

"Suky! Why, Aunt Rebecca. Poor, unfortunate, harmless, afflicted Suky."

Dinner being over, Angy went to the garden to pick some roses for Ruby, but seeing Pansy down the path went to find out what she was barking about.

"I'm so sorry for you, Mrs. Hastings, in your bereavement. Pansy won't let me past him."

"Come right here, Pansy, there's a dear."

"Did your brother die sudden?"

"My brother! Why, yes, he did. But how did you hear of my great loss? I can't speak of it, Mrs. Harmon," cried Angy, putting her handkerchief over her eyes with both her hands. "He was such a nice man."

"Did he leave much property, Mrs. Hastings? I heard he didn't from one source and from another I heard Ruby was made very wealthy."

"Hiram told me not to know, if any one asked,



but it wan't but a small sum any way. There's no harm I can see in telling that much to you. You won't speak of it."

"No, I won't, Mrs. Hastings. Did he leave a will or is the law to take its course?"

"Oh, I don't know. But 'pears to me Hiram did have a document in his hand when I came to. I won't be certain. I came near fainting when I first heard the news. Ruby's sick and had the doctor. I came out to pick her some roses."

"Ruby sick. What's the matter of her? I heard her cousin was a spiteful thing. She isn't, is she?"

"She isn't like Ruby, Mrs. Harmon. Hiram says that was what made the difference."

"What doctor do you have to Ruby?"

"Dr. Klingwinter."

"Oh, he is the catch of Montecito. I heard Ruby was a perfect beauty when she stepped off the train at Santa Barbara. One of the swells over to the Potter inquired her out."

"Who, Mrs. Harmon?"

"His name was,—well there, it's gone from me. I never could remember names, or faces or dates for that matter. The only thing I can remember is church work. I haven't any use for gossip so I think trying to forget things I hear sort of stunts my memory. There was a young fellow on the same train with her that made all manner of inquiries about her after she left the station with her



father and Aunt Rebecca. He took the Arlington Hotel carriage. Some of the sports say they met such a person on a fiery charger headed for Montecito."

"Oh, I must tell Hiram. Won't you come in?"

"No, I just run up to see how you all were. I'll be up again in a day or so. Good-by, good-by."

"Hiram, Hiram, come quick. Where are you?"

"Oh, Angy, Angy, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, our Ruby is hunted by a man who came in the train. Mrs. Harmon came up to hear if what she heard was true. It's all out about the will. I told her there wasn't much and then she told me about the man. I'm all out of breath."

"Sit down, wifey."

"And she said some swell over to the Potter was inquiring her out, and—but I'm so nerved up I can't think—but I remembered, Hiram, not to know much about business things. I did do better, didn't I, dear? Where's Suky? Don't let her hear, but she said the doctor is more of a catch than I supposed. You better 'phone him to come often and watch over our Ruby."

"Would you really like her to marry him?"

"Why, yes, Hiram. Wouldn't you, if he's good? She'll have plenty of money. There's some one coming now. I'll see who it is!"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Hastings. Is Rebecca Ann at home?"



“Yes, Mrs. Thorndike. Suky just run and tell her, that’s a dear.”

“Where had Suky been,” thought Angy, but it didn’t matter and back she went to her crochet.



## VII

**O** I was waitching fer yer, doctor—go roight up. You'll foind Miss Rebecca with her," says Delia.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ruby. The maid told me to come right up."

"Oh, doctor, my head does ache so bad. Aunt Rebecca has just been called down stairs by a visitor."

"Does it ache all over?" he said, taking her pulse.

"No, doctor, just here in my forehead."

"It is too bad for such a beautiful girl as you are to be sick."

The portieres rustled and a glaring eye caught the next scene.

"Miss Ruby, I hear you have a great many admirers. Is there any place in your heart for me?"

"No," came from the muffled depths of somewhere but all unheeded the doctor went on.

"Such a beautiful face you have. Many are the kind acts of yours that have been told me by my patients."

He heeded not the approaching footsteps.

Neither had he heard the welcoming by Mrs.



Hastings of a new caller or her hospitable, "go right up. She's alone. Rebecca has a caller."

And what did Mrs. Croby see! The doctor bending over her Ruby, with tears falling from his eyes and in this predicament, Rebecca after ushering out her caller ascends the stairs finding Mrs. Croby motioning for silence on the landing.

What an expression of disgust was on Rebecca's face as she mounted the stairs.

Mrs. Croby declared afterwards she never could forget it.

"Believe me," says the doctor, in a whisper, "you have my greatest regard."

Mrs. Croby hustled noiselessly off down stairs and Rebecca went to her own room and closed the door.

"I never was so angered in my life. Delia ought to be ashamed of her very self telephoning Mrs. Gray's servant girl all our affairs, and telling her not to tell. The whole thing is out but how did the traitress find out? After the years she has been here what ingratitude to betray her mistress in this way. Angy is to blame. There's not a particle of discipline in the house. She lets everything slide. I can't train Delia. It isn't my place and besides Hiram would hate me if I should say one word against 'wifey.' I think myself it is better to change help often. She's been here since Ruby was a baby."

"Oi hopes ye will propose soon," says Delia in a whisper seeing the doctor out. "Yer niver can



make eny moistake," and Dr. Klingwinter passed out, after hearing in broken sentences about her other suitors.

"There, Oi had to tell. The loikes of mae sins to bae forgiven. Mae conscience smoites mae ivery toime Oi looks in tha glass but mae tongue I always said would bae the death of mae. If Miss Gray's Susie should tell I'd bae fur gitting mae walkin papers from Miss Rebecca if 'twant fer Miss Hastings. She niver could sae any raeson fur mae bein' dismissed and of course Mr. Hastings does exactly as wifey wants him to in everything. Such foolish things that woman has done in the years Oi have been here, and niver a reproachful word have Oi heard from her Hiram's lips. That was a rael loive match. I thoink, perhaps Oi moight make meself over agin if Oi could bae petted and deared a little. Oh, dear," she sighed. "Mae teeth are agin mae, mae eyes, mae gait, and mae form, but some one moight bae interested if they only knew what a good cook Oi am. Oi should bae fur moving out into company if Oi want a good husband. Sum-times Oi think Peter loikes me and thin agin he don't take no notice of mae. Oi kin readily sae how tha girls catch their husbands but how thay kape thim is the mystery."

A clatter of hoofs up the drive arrests her thoughts. "Who kin that bae," and she rushed to answer the bell.



## VIII

**D**OES Mr. Hiram Hastings live here?" was the inquiry of a short, well set stranger before her.

"He does, sir. Stip in and Oi bae fur callin him."

The snort of the restless steed sounded in the walk.

"Champ, champ," went the bits. "Stamp, stamp," was the rejoining accompaniment. Jack Templeton went to the window and called a decisive, "Be still there." Then he sat down again, giving his dark hair a nervous brush with his hand and his dark eyes flashed.

"Mr. Templeton," says Mr. Hastings, looking at the card in his hand for verification.

"Mr. Hastings," came the rejoinder.

"Be seated, sir."

"The nature of my call, for a perfect stranger to you no doubt will seem very out of place, but howbeit, I will proceed. I am an ardent admirer of your daughter."

"I see," says Hiram, genially. "I can't blame you in the least for that. When and where did you first meet her?"



"Oh, well," said Jack, striking an attitude, and flashing his fascinating dark eyes effectually upon Mr. Hastings, he went on, "it was this way, Mr. Hastings to be truthful, I followed her across country. Love at first sight, like one of the story books has it. I can't just remember," and he laughed a ringing laugh. "I'm a medical student. I sing tenor also in church. My brother is settled in the middle west—married well—Simon McGrath's daughter. Of course it goes without saying who he is. When not with my books, I sing at weddings and so on. In fact do whatever fancy calls."

"I see," says Hiram. "Not exactly an all round sport but like all studious and gifted people feel the need of a letup now and then."

"That's just it, Mr. Hastings, exactly. What a delightful painting could be made from this vista of yours. I was noticing it as I came up. Seeing the sunset over the mountains must be grand. Is your daughter home?"

"She is just recovering from her over-fatigue getting here, Mr. Templeton. She is home, but not able to be about today."

"Oh, I see, I am very sorry. Could I call again," he said, rising, hat in hand.

"Why, yes," says Mr. Hastings admiring the persistency of the youth.

"Thank you," and vaulting into the saddle he put the spurs to his steed and off went rider and horse as if a thousand demons were at his heels and



he, the poor victim, keeping just out of their reach.

"What was that I wonder," Angy soliloquised, rubbing her eyes. "Well never mind, my crochet's on the floor. I had dropped off to sleep. I wonder if Mrs. Croby is here yet. It's as good as a dose of nervine to hear her cheerful voice. Oh, ho hum," and she started for the stairs.

"Oh, these stairs, how they wind me. Hiram will have to put in an elevator."

"Oh! That's you, Mrs. Hastings," and Mrs. Croby came running forward to see if she couldn't be of some assistance.

"Those stairs, Mrs. Croby. I came up to have you cheer me up."

"Well, first of all, Mrs. Hastings, I will tell you my experience since I have been here. Don't let it frighten you for 'twas only an optical delusion. I was sitting here with Ruby and I thought the portiere moved. I went to look back of it and I imagined I felt something crawling back of my hands. I nearly fainted, it was so real. Then further, I heard the door click back of it and as soon as I could pluck up courage I opened the portiere, then the door. Then I looked all around and there was nothing in sight."

"What could it be? Oh, Mrs. Croby, the house can't be haunted, can it? Oh, Hiram! where is he. Oh, dear, dear, dear me. Where's Rebecca's smelling salts?"



"Rebecca," called Mrs. Croby, "Rebecca Ann."

"Did any one speak," came the satirical voice from the kitchen. "If Mrs. Hastings is there I wish she would please step down here. I'm beside myself, I am so angered by Delia. Saucy, saucy."

Mrs. Hastings jumped to her feet, seemingly as well as usual.

"Was that Rebecca? What is the matter, sister?"

"Matter enough, Angenette! I've faced Delia with telling how Ruby was left half a million by her uncle and she denies it. She's the only one that knew it. Come down here, Mrs. Croby."

"Oi niver told it, m'am. I niver knew just how much until Miss Rebecca, with her own lips told mae, there now. Miss Rebecca, I've told you the truth before witness, mum. I told what eny one moight hear but niver tha amount."

"She's telling the truth, Rebecca," said Mrs. Croby. "I think it without doubt came from some other source."

"What other source is there?" answered Rebecca tartly, her eyes snapping and her hands moving convulsively.



## IX

**W**HAT'S all this about?" said Mr. Hastings, running up the stairs like a school boy. "I've got some very particular news to tell Ruby. I want you all to rally around and listen. I've had a swell caller. He came on horseback, Ruby—a real swell, I was quite taken with him."

"Oh, dear, dear," cried Angy hysterically, "he's *hypnotized* him, it was the——. Give me the smelling salts, Rebecca. Oh, oh, oh. It was the man that's haunted Ruby on the train, that Mrs. Harmon told me about. Oh dear, dear, dear."

"Angy that's a dear. Quiet yourself—there, there."

"What was his name, Dad?"

"Jack Templeton, my dear. I quite liked his looks. He's a dandy."

"What did I just tell you, only this morning, that I was willing for the doctor for Ruby, Hiram, and you quite agreed then. Oh, Hiram. I never knew you to be so vacillating all my married life."

"Oh, Angy, just let me tell you about him. His eyes were wondrous magnetic. He's a singer and from a fine family. He asked to call again and I



thought it no possible harm. Invite in some young folks, Ruby, informally on account of our mourning, and let him sing and it will cheer up Suky. Where does she keep herself, these days that you are sick?"

"I don't know, Hiram," says Rebecca, not waiting for Ruby to reply. "A big pity she isn't attractive enough to captivate some one of these fellows that are coming around."

"Why, Aunt Rebecca," cried Ruby, "the dear girl has been in bed most of these days, her hip is very bad. I had the doctor go in to see her yesterday."

"Well, I never. 'Twixt the hangers on and the hired help and sister, nobody can say a word."

"Let me tell you Ruby, the fellow was a dandy—had one of those don't care ways with him that gains favor everywhere. You just see him, probably he will be around again in a day or so."

"Mr. Hastings," says Mrs. Croby, "We've been planning a little Christmas surprise for the children."

"All right, and that leaves me with the informal party to plan, eh? We couldn't have the young folks disappointed, could we, Angy?"

"Oh, Hiram dear, how could you, when the time is so precious, let her go? Oh dear, dear!"

"There's business enough ahead for me, wifey. I'll take you along."

"Oh! oh!—what shall I do when she goes back, Hiram?"



"There! there, Angy."

"If I go with you, Hiram, everybody will be asking into Ruby's affairs."

"Let me tell you, Mrs. Hastings," said Mrs. Croby, coming to the rescue. "You'll have your hands full to take care of your husband, I can see that."

"Why, Mrs. Croby!"

And the scribe passes the intervening hours into the past with a nonchalant air, so journey with Ruby and Mrs. Croby along the foothills of the mesa grand without regret, back to childhood's happy days in the land of Yanonalit of Indian fame, of Nevê and Galvez.

I can almost see the Spanish soldiers decked in red, yellow and gold lace and the Presidio of olden days far down by the bay.

"Well, I declare," says Ezra Stark, "if this ain't Ruby Hastings. You got her, didn't you, Martha. How be you?"

"Don't let the nag start for I'm a little older than I was."

"She ain't changed a mite, has she, Martha? I heard tell about your Uncle William's death, and the property he left you. Not a bit stuck up, is she? Drive along to the house, Judy is to home. I kin remember William in his young days, how he uster strut around with his hands in his pockets, and say he was going to be a miner and hunt gold. Here we are. Judy! Judy! Judy Stark! look a-here. She's making sarce this morning, I'll fetch



her,—come right in Ruby; and Martha, you hitch your hoss to that sapling there. Here she is now!”

“Well, I do declare, Miss Ruby, how pretty you be, and the best on’t is, not a bit set up by your bequest. How is Angynette and Hiram, and Rebecca Ann? Suky didn’t come with ye, did she?”

“No, poor dear, she didn’t feel equal to it. I tried my best to have her, but she said she thought she had better not. I am quite worried about her, Judy. Her hip pains her all the time.”

“There’s been a good many changes round about here, Ruby! Judy! afore I forget, run and put up two quarts of pea beans for Angynette. Judy has been baking them lately with fat and lean corn beef, and it makes a clever dish. You tell her, will you, it’s just as good as pork.”

“Yes, Uncle Ezra,” says Ruby, “I surely will.”

“Sam Lovejoy has got a pair of twins, Aunt Lucinda Stebbins a broken hip.”

“Aunt Lucinda! I am so sorry for her. I must call on her the very first thing I do.”

“Poor Lucinda, I guess she won’t pull out of this, the doctor thinks she won’t. Did you tell Ruby about the engagement?” cried his wife emerging from the kitchen with the beans.

“No, not yet.”

“Well, Kysandia Doubae has captured a swell over in Miramar. I don’t know what he amounts to, more than being able to throw a ball into a hole. I don’t know what they call it, but there’s a name



for it. That's harmless enough. I suppose he has to have some recreation some way."

"How are the little ones at the corner, Uncle Ezra?"

"Oh, fair to middling, I guess. Stephen is just getting up from the measles, and Hulda, they say she's a whole team—climbs all the trees in the neighborhood, loves her books, and goes looking just like a tramp young-un. They ain't apt to care for riggin', when they are so carried away with books. Nobody, nor anybody can't git ahead on her, in them. She gits her sisters boots on fur her own in the mornin' and purses up her lips in class time if anything goes wrong with her. They try to keep her hair tidy with a net, but its off half the time. If they ask her where it is, she tells them up a tree she guesses. She'll turn out to be a great somebody, or nothing, so everybody says."

"Mother will so enjoy these beans, Aunt Judy. Thank you, very, very much."

"We must go now, Ruby," said Mrs. Croby, pulling up the reins.

"All right, dear, I'll come around again, Uncle Ezra."

"So do! So do! What a gal she's grown to be Judy," was wafted into Ruby's ears, as old Sal proceeded.

"How genuine they both are. It's such a pleasure to meet such natural individuals. Not a particle of guile in them. Just see what's before



us, Mrs. Croby," and a bevy of rosy cheeked children seem to spring up like the passion vine pressing its scarlet bloom against the horizon as a beautiful vista. What a medley of color with the wistaria's pendent glory. What a sweet picture. with every petal of the wondrous pageant twining about her heart with the music of a sacred oratorio.

"It's Miss Ruby," cried one of the company, and a shout rang out to be caught by the echoing foot-hills.

"We knew you wouldn't disappoint us," said Clarissa Underwood, leading the welcome. "Joseph, keep still, don't prattle when you should be quiet. Come on, Perley, let's play she's the 'Queen of the May,' boys. 'Ring around the rosey,' or let's sing, 'All hail our chief.' "

Ruby's eyes twinkled with the joyous welcome.

"You want a kiss, I see," and she bent down and pressed her lips sweetly against the bashful tot's rosy cheek in front of her.

"I don't believe I can ride the rest of the way, it's only a step, Mrs. Croby," and Josephine Seamore caught her by the arm, and Sadie Calispy held her hand in mute admiration.

"You'll see what I'll tell teacher," cried Julian Harper, above the din of the voices. "Miss Ruby is an all around saint and she's the sinner. Catch her boxing our ears, or making us stay after school for bad behavior."

"There, there," said Ruby, her cheeks aglow,



"that's enough Julian. Don't talk against your teacher."

"Well, I don't care, she—she—she did box my ears, only yesterday—there now, it's out, and I'm glad. She flogs us for nothing. You—you—you won't tell I told, will you, Miss Ruby."

"No dear! if you will promise solemnly never to do it again."

"All right, Miss Ruby, I won't. It's pleasanter to mind and see you smile, than it is to do things awry and get lickings, there, so now, isn't it, Dick?"

"You bet," came the quick retort.

"What'll you bet?"

"I'll bet you'll have a bat and ball for Christmas."

"I'll bet he won't," says Tony Tattler, "his brother said it was to be a pair of boxing gloves, so's they could do double duty in school and out."

"I will just step into Aunt Lucinda's now, children! Goodby."

"Good-by," says a chorus of voices.

"I'll be on time for dinner, Mrs. Croby," and the curtain of the window was pushed one side hurriedly.

"I'm coming right in unannounced, Aunt Lucinda. I'm so glad to see you," and she pressed a kiss on the drawn and wrinkled face. "You are not here alone!"

"Yes, I am, Ruby, Miss Stark, Judy, you know who I mean, comes in night and morning, and chores around a spell."

"I see," says Ruby.



She took in the poverty on every hand, and after a plea of not keeping Mrs. Croby waiting dinner, off she went to see what should be done.

She was busily thinking as she walked along, and did not notice any one approaching, and was a bit startled when a gruff "hollo," sounded close in her ears.

"I heard you was come to town, Ruby, how be ye?" and out came Sam Ranger's hand in salute.

Sam was the all around village expressman.

"I don't see how I missed seein' ye, when you left the train, 'ness 'twas cause I wa'n't lookin' fer ye."

"Mr. Ranger, you are just the man I want to talk with. Come with your team tomorrow at 8 o'clock, to Mrs. Croby's."

"Yes mam! Miss, sartain;" and off went Ruby leaving Sam to go his way.

"What a clever gal she is! I swan she won't want for beaux."



## X

**D**INNER over, old Sal was hurried by Mrs. Croby's own hands into the shafts. The trio were off.

First a short halt was made at Syntha Martin's, a maiden of uncertain summers. "Can you go at once to Lucinda's, Miss Martin?"

"Why, yes! soon's I can scratch my few dishes together, and put the fire out. Is she worse?"

"No! No! no worse, but Ruby here, wants her to have every care. *She's* going to foot the bills."

"All right, Mrs. Croby."

Off went Sal upon a steady trot, stopping next at Mira Pitcher's, a widow whom Ruby had learned from Mrs. Croby had been reduced in circumstances, so that she lived on oatmeal alone to keep the breath of life in her.

"Mrs. Pitcher, can you spare the time to dress some dolls for me?"

"Well, I guess I can." Her face brightened perceptibly, as she caught sight of Ruby.

"How are you, Mira?" called Ruby.

"Well, I thank you. I'll do anything in my power for *you*. Are Mr. and Mrs. Hastings well, Ruby?"

"They are quite well, thank you. We are in such a hurry, Good-by."



"The dolls are over to my house," shouted Mrs. Croby.

"All right!"

And they hurried along.

"Pick out some undergarments and blankets, for Lucinda, Mrs. Croby, you know best what she will like. Give her that, and while you are attending to these things, I will step in to Sam Fifield's and order the groceries."

"Well, gal alive, where did you rain down from!"

"I came today, Mr. Fifield."

"Well! well!"

"I am in such a hurry, I go back day after tomorrow."

"That so? Ain't going to make a very long stop! How's Hiram and Angy?"

"Quite well, thank you. I want to leave an order with you to be delivered by Sam Ranger."

"Well, yes." He took the list. "Whew! I'll be jiggered, girl. I haint got nothin near all that jig a rig. '10 bbl. flour, 50 lbs. butter, 10 gal. molasses, 12 doz. oranges.'" Here he stopped with his finger on the place. "This beats all I ever see. What are you goin' to do with all this stuff arter you get it?"

"Oh, Mr. Fifield, that's telling."

"'25 lbs. of nuts.' Mixed nuts, is that, Ruby?"

"Yes."

"'15 lbs. raisins.' Whew! '100 lbs. sugar, 50 lbs. crackers.' Well, I declare, Miss Ruby. This'll



put me clean on my feet ag'in and I'll dance the minuet tonight with Katie. I'll have to be for delaying the delivery of these goods while I can sneak hold of 'um!"

"Very well, Mr. Fifield. Remember, Sam will take them direct from the train for delivery."

"Yes, miss and a thousand thanks to you. How'd you dare carry round so much money," he said taking his pay, viewing the roll of greenbacks in her purse.

"All right, Ruby. Are you ready," called Mrs. Croby.

"Yes."

"Good-by to you and God bless you, Miss."

"Good-by," said Ruby clambering into the wagon.

"What's that?"

"What? I don't hear anything."

"That playing on a trombone, isn't it?"

"Oh! girl, that's Piper John."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, you must be told, Ruby. It's the butcher, where we are going, playing between his customers."

"Is that his nick name? He's a jolly soul," and Sal pricked up her ears as she stopped.

"He's quite a player, Mrs. Croby."

"That he is, Ruby; one of the men with lost opportunities and a big family to support."

The door swung open with a creak announcing to Piper John the presence of a customer.



"Oh! good, good, good afternoon, afternoon, Miss. Eer — what — what — can — can — I — I — I — serve — serve — serve — you — you — you — to?"

"I want to leave an order for you to fill."

"Y-e-s, m-m-m!"

"Fifty turkeys—"

"F-f-f-f-ty turkeys," and he staggered back against his trombone knocking it to the floor.

"Any toy balloons," came the nasal twang of a travelling pedler, as he peered in at the opening of the door.

"All kinds of tin toys, sich as cats, dogs, cars, etc., and wreaths."

"That's just what I want," cried Ruby, her eyes aglow. "I'll take all you have. How much."

"All I have," and the pedler stared wildly. Never in the history of trade had he struck such a bonanza and Mrs. Croby hitched herself to the stick of balloons with the air of a subdued martyr and the butcher stood dumb-founded with his ear attentive bent.

"A leg of lamb to be delivered direct to Lucinda Stebbins."

"There — there — there — hain't — nobody to — to — to cook — cook — cook it, Miss."

"Have you cranberries?"

John nodded his head. "Twenty-five quarts for the 23rd of December, delivered to Mrs. Croby."

"Ge-ge-ge whiz-whiz," cried John, pencil in hand.

"Twenty bunches of celery for same date and



place. Five bottles of olives and three bushels of potatoes."

"Few — few — few," ejaculated the butcher, his round red face glowing with delight.

"Ruby, you be — be a — a Saint Agnes," and Ruby rode away amid the heroic notes of Piper John—"Come to me my pretty maid and sing to me so sweetly,"—and as the notes died in the distance Aunt Lucinda heard a welcoming voice.

"Tomorrow morning, Sam Ranger will bring you a different bed and bedding and Mrs. Croby is coming over to help you, Syntha, to set it up. Has the lamb come?"

"Yes. If ever I saw the like of you, Miss Ruby."

"I feel better already," sighed the old woman, with tears of gratitude welling up in her eyes. "Judy told me you were a-coming last night. God bless you, Miss."

"I must go now, Aunt Lucinda," she said sending a beaming smile through the air to be caught by the old lady and reflected on her own face and with this ray of sunshine filling the place Ruby made a hasty exit.

Tired and weary, she retired after deciding the Christmas festivities for the young folks should take place in the church with appropriate exercises to be carried out by her faithful co-worker, Mrs. Croby.



## XI

**P**SHAW, Suky, thair's shame on yer to talk so about her. Just has if she was not all roight in her behavior in Boston. Land o' Gotian. Oi'll bae for tellin Mr. Hastings on yer. The loikes av yer! 'Tis looky thing you haven't spoken your thoughts before Mr. Hastings."

"I don't care. What a fuss they do make over her," tauntingly spoke Suky, her nose pointed disgustedly in mid-air. "She's a good-fur-nothin', so now."

"Shame on yer viry loife, Suky Rocks. Yer'll be fer tasting yer just dessarts sum day," and as the hours pass Ruby again is welcomed with open arms.

Aunt Rebecca with only one more tack to put in the curtain leaves that and rushes down stairs to clasp her Ruby in her arms.

"Hiram has planned for tomorrow night, Ruby. He is down town ordering the ice cream now and Angy she is hurrying with her crochet so we can christen the new center piece for the tea table."

"Well, well, whose coming, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Jack Templeton, of course. Hiram won't make known all he has invited even to me."



"How is Suky?"

"All right, I guess, Ruby. Delia called her a little upstart, only yesterday."

"What for? Poor Suky. Don't let her speak so of her again. It is very cruel," and so quickly did the events of the next day crowd themselves one after the other, that night was at hand before Angy could realize the fact.

To be sure the crochet work was finished and the centerpiece made in readiness by Aunt Rebecca's deft fingers, but Angy had struck a snag.

Her heavy black brocade was laying on her bed and she was moaning behind her handkerchief, when Hiram appeared.

"Why! What is the matter? What can be the trouble, wifey dear. Come, dry your eyes and get into your dress."

"I can't," came the deplorable wail. "I've out-grown it."

"Stand up and let me try. I guess I can pull you into it," and the rustling folds fell about her tear decked face.

"Here's one sleeve, Angy. That's it. Now, here's the other. Now just a minute, let me pull it down into place."

"Hiram," called Aunt Rebecca, "where are you, and where is Angy? Mrs. Thorndike is coming now."

"Just a second, Rebecca," and he tugged at the offending hooks.



"There, that's to—the lower one."

"Oh, Hiram, I shan't be able to breathe. I know I shan't."

"Just one more hook, then it will hold. I can cover up the rest with this fantastic vest arrangement."

"Oh! Oh! but I'll try to stand it."

"Let's make haste, wifey, now, for we are to be in the receiving line with Suky and Aunt Rebecca—" and the music room was gained in just the nick of time, Angy puffing from her exertion. Once received, the company were seated amid the sweet perfume of purple orchids and white roses, Angy close to Mrs. Harmon.

"Who was that, in lavender satin?"

"Why, that's the grand and noble lineaged Stanley Worthington's wife from the Potter and that's her illustrious nephew beside her with glasses on. That's Ruby's doctor sitting the second row back from Suky, Gladdis Thorndike also of the Potter, in mauve silk, beside him. That gentleman to the right of Gusty Hunneman is the new pastor's assistant. His face is partially concealed by that big palm."

"Oh, dear, Miss Harmon, I can't hardly breathe. My dress is so tight."

"Who's first on the programme, Angy?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I don't know a thing about it, Mrs. Harmon. What can Hiram be waiting for?" But at that moment a tall young woman stepped to the piano.



Behind her with a roll of music in his hand came the singer, none other than Mr. Jack Templeton. His magnetic eyes caught Mrs. Hastings as he viewed his audience with calm dignity, then opening his music he waited casually for the accompanist's preliminary notes.

The place, the people were all forgotten and as the words of "The Holy City" rang through the echoing columns, the song came as a benediction as it was wafted on wings of beauty to Hiram in his bereavement. His tones were clear and flute-like from first to finish.

Certainly a master voice, and those eyes, the glorifying orbs that test the hearts and hopes of the fair damsels before him. A hush of expectancy filled the place and then a maiden, with long braids of beautiful hair, appeared without notes.

Jack followed her to the piano. All eyes were fixed now upon this young woman.

Her breath came quick and fast then softened for action.

The opening notes of the "jewel song" from Faust rang forth. "Oh, Marguerite" came from the company. "Bravo!" and the like as our fair singer held her audience. Again and again came the triumph of music, now soft and sweet, now high and clear till finally with one grand victory she swept from the room amid the din of "Bravo, bravo," again and again.

"Who was that?" whispered Mrs. Worthington.



"Never in Grand Opera did I hear a more beautiful portrayal, Spencer. She won't come back."

"What a pity," said he, watching the entrance with unflinching gaze.

Following came the Oratorio, "Hear Ye, Israel," by Jack Templeton, given in a finished manner. Cheer after cheer brought him back and he sang "The Florian Song."

Another hush and Ruby in white china silk and violet orchids came in, her face aglow, her sparkling eyes radiating an incense divine.

She took her seat at the harp amid the craning of heads to catch every motion.

Suky gripped her lips defiantly and stepped back from the audience's gaze. Her eyes were green with envy. Her taunting manner was all lost, however, as the sweet notes of the harpist breathed their invocation of prayer and thankfulness.

What a rhapsody of thought and action, now low and tentative, now presto and grand then again a varying staccato with each note plucked from the strings like a beautiful bouquet, with hyacinth and myrtle, with orange bloom and thistle all in an unconquerable medley, each defying the other to grander power.

Then a quick run with one gliding sweep from deepest bass to highest treble. It was then that the unexpected happened in some unaccountable way. Pansy had broken leash and with one long wail she took her seat beside Ruby, her nose upturned with a withering howl.



With each crescendo and diminuendo she pledged herself to keep the place and laughingly Ruby struck the last grand chord and glided out of the hall calling Pansy after her.

Then Mr. Hastings announced that refreshments would be served, in the dining room.

"Who was Marguerite, Mr. Hastings?"

"How beautifully Ruby carried off the offender," and the like came from several groups.

"Allow me, Mrs. Hastings to see you to the dining room."

"My, yes, Mr. Templeton, but I can't hurry. I'm so short breathed, you know."

"I see, I see."

"Your music was grand, Mr. Templeton!"

"That's very gratifying, I am sure, Mrs. Hastings. Your daughter's part was certainly masterly handled. Will you have a salad, madam?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Templeton, perhaps I'd better not. The oysters look very tempting."

"Shan't I have you a service of them?"

"Well, perhaps I'd better, Mr. Templeton." Just then the Rev. Emmons Horsford, with dignified mien escorted Suky Rocks into a conspicuous place, believing he had fulfilled Ruby's request to show Suky every attention in so doing.

Spencer Worthington was all attention to Miss Ruby. His round face was smiling and changed expression with his every mood. His manner and appearance, that of a corpulent man of the world,



was engaging in the main, his flaxen hair going well with his complexion.

Hiram was paying his attentions to Mrs. Worthington.

"This salad is delicious, Mr. Hastings, and these oysters—I never tasted better," she said with emphasis.

Hiram smiled his pleasure, seeing at the same time that no omissions were being committed in the service of his guests.

Dr. Klingwinter noted the attention of his rival with dignified bearing while conversing with seeming delight with those nearest him.

And merrily did the talk run on like a river at full flow, amid the orchids' charm and roses' bloom.

On to the toast. Oh noble host, let the sweet viands tempt thy guests and tribute tie the tendons of friendship to this honored sire.



## XII

**H**ERE'S a letter for you, Ruby," said Aunt Rebecca, the morning before she was to leave for the east with her mother. "It's from Mrs. Croby. I'm so glad to get it," and she tore open the letter and read with delight.

" 'The children, if you only could have seen them, Miss Ruby, it would have done your heart and soul good. I enclose Sadie's letter with her love. Aunt Lucinda Stebbins is a new woman gaining beyond all the doctor could hope for. She wants me to be sure and tell Miss Ruby she's an angel in disguise, so I write her exact words. She sends her love and best wishes to you and yours during your long absence which she knows must take place before seeing you again.'

"I'm so glad Aunt Lucinda is gaining fast, Aunt Rebecca."

"Let's see the poetry, Ruby!"

"You read it, Aunt Rebecca!"

" 'Dec. 25, 1898.

" 'Dear Miss Ruby—

" 'We thank you very kindly  
Anna, Jamie, one and all,



For Christmas toys and presents all,  
For the turkey and the candy  
For the pudding, plums and all  
And the nuts we cracked and ate,  
And under the mistletoe we forfeits paid,  
And now, Miss Ruby, to you we send a kiss  
And New Year's greetings with a zest.

Lovingly yours,  
Sadie.'

"Well, I never. Ain't that cute? That's she 'twas Caroline Beede's daughter. That's clever. No mistaking it. You better keep that, Ruby."

"Oh! dear me," cried Angy. "Won't you help me, Rebecca Ann, pack my trunk. I'm all out of breath trying to fold my new furs. I'm half a mind to leave them home."

"Don't do that, Angy. Just get your things together and I'll pack them, in short order."

"Rebecca, may I have your smelling salts? I forgot to put it on Hiram's list. My head aches so with all this confusion, I'm almost beside myself."

"Why, yes; put it right in your hand valise now. It's on my dressing case, Ruby."

"Hadn't I better have a bottle of ammonia, in case I should have a bad sinking attack, and some dyspepsia tablets. Oh, dear, I must sit down. There's my wrap shawl forgotten. I don't care what folks say about the looks of it, it will have to come from the camphor chest. Ruby, you won't mind if I take it along?"



"Oh, no, mother. It's cold weather back east. We won't meet anybody only strangers and we can be quite by ourselves in the drawing room."

"Hiram often told me, with all his means I ought to travel more, but somehow I never could make up my mind for the hardship of it. I know I can't sleep. Oh dear me, what a pity I decided to go, Rebecca. Give me some of my nervine, Ruby. Oh, dear, dear. Was that Hiram? Tell him how beat out I am and ask him to put me up some of the different Christmas candies so I may have something to be doing as I go along. I can't bear to be idle."

"I do declare. If I had forgotten that. Well, well, dear, getting ready in dead earnest, ain't you, Angy? Everybody's helping, I see."

"Oh, Hiram, come here, do, quick. What shall I do when I am gone without you, dear?"

"Well, well, don't think. After you've been east a few weeks you'll forget all about me."

"Oh, how could you? How could you, Hiram? Don't, don't—if you do, I'll stay at home as sure—Oh, dear me, oh, dear me. Where's the smelling salts? Where—" and a skirmish ensued between boxes and bundles strewn in every direction and finally when Angy was coming to naturally, it was found in one corner back of the couch.

"Hiram you must give up that drawing room, I feel sure I'm not equal to starting tomorrow. Telephone for the doctor."



"Angy, you're all right now. Don't tantalize that poor man by having him go through the agonies of another good-by with Ruby."

"Do you still think he likes her, Hiram?"

"Why yes, sure, but let Jack have his way, wifey. He's a dandy. I'm willing for one."

"But that Worthington fellow isn't," retorted Aunt Rebecca, her head emerging from the depths of the ponderous saratoga. "He's a clever fellow. I watched him all unnoticed by him the night of the musical and Mrs. Worthington—how Hiram did play the agreeable, Angy."

"Oh, Rebecca Ann, don't, I can't stand any more. A feather's weight would crush me entirely."

"Here are some periodicals, Angy, for your hand satchel and here's some cologne. It's good for car sickness. Here's a bottle of Jamaica Ginger for your stomach and here's some toothache drops in case of need."

"Oh, Hiram, Hiram, if I should have that I should die. I know I should."

"Here are some gum drops and molasses candy," he said, pulling them from his pockets. "Let me see," he said, "there's something else. Now what did I do with those pickled limes. Oh, I know," and he picked his way out of the room downstairs and back again placing the precious parcel in Angy's own hands, for pickled limes had always been remembered since courting days and prized more by Angy than anything else.



The sun shone bright and glorious the next morning. Hiram was keeping up remarkably well, not daring to show his feelings. The good-bys were said in a very stereotyped manner all around, Ruby agreeing with Aunt Rebecca 'twas best for mamma, and Hiram seeking out Suky telling her not to upset Angy about her long absence, etc.

Then, Delia, with arms akimbo told Mrs. Hastings that "sha wuld bae for gittin married while sha was gone, if sha could have the luck to foind some one 'twould have her," and so on till the train really pulled out of the station with every eye dry and Hiram coughed his own feelings down as he turned to Peter with Rebecca and Suky.

"I'll drive Mary Ann home," he said with a long face and Mary Ann, of course, never knew that her master wiped his eyes vigorously on the way.



### XIII

**T**HERE'S the first mishap," cried Angy, drying her eyes. "I've broken my eye glasses. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do? What shall I do? I can't see one word. Where are we now, Ruby?"

"We will be in Los Angeles in an hour, mamma. We've just come through the San Susanna tunnel."

"The what?"

"The San Susanna tunnel, mother. We will be passing the mission at Fernando in a few minutes."

"The wash-outs will make our trip a long one, won't they, Ruby?"

"We will have until eleven at night in Los Angeles and that will rest you, mother. Then we travel all the next day until 5 o'clock, when we get to Sacramento."

"What is there, Ruby?"

"Why, that's the capital."

"Oh, yes, I forget. Don't tell anybody I couldn't remember, Ruby, will you? These forgetful spells are growing on me. I won't own it to Hiram."

And shall we follow our travellers along the Sacramento valley past the homes of peace and happiness as mile after mile the donkey engine wends its way past the green sward, pastoral and restful, with naught but squeak, creak of the primitive train.



Always the same, this tranquil scene, ever changing, ever the same and yet unrivalled—this famed valley of the Golden State.

Pant, pant and the escaping steam hissed and spat under the mammoth station of steel.

“O, Ruby dear. I’ve stepped in my dress,” and a helping hand was proffered by a fellow passenger, a shortish man with light hair and mustache.

“There, madam, I hope you are not hurt,” he said, raising his hat.

“Oh, dear me. No, sir; I think not, but it shook me up a little.”

“Let me help you to the waiting room.”

“Oh, thank you. Thank you. I’m greatly obliged, sir, greatly,” and the incident passed.

A station lunch was disgusting to Angy. “Under everybody’s gaze, Ruby, I like the seclusion of what did you call the place, Ruby?”

“Drawing room, mamma.”

“Oh, yes, I remember now.”

“These scallops are very good, are they not, ma?”

“Yes, but I’m disappointed in them a little. They don’t taste like Rebecca’s or those the caterer served the night of the musical.”

“In the Pullman office they told me just a few moments ago that we could go right on board the train.”

And when Ogden was reached, another change was made.

Mrs. Hastings’ watch in some way had loosened



itself from its chain and fell with a sharp snap of crystal, when she set foot on the station platform.

"Salt Lake City is only a short distance from here, ma."

"Oh, Ruby! Ruby! look at my watch. Oh, Hiram, what will he say? It's all smashed to bits," and she covered her eyes with her handkerchief. "Oh, what shall I do?" and she sobbed aloud. "I don't care about Salt Lake City. Let me sit down somewhere," and if it had not been for an official she would have fallen over a valise in her path. The wind blew a gale. "Oh, dear, Ruby, my veil is coming off."

"This way for your train," said the porter.

"Oh, my veil, my veil!" sighed Angy, as the silken folds rose higher and higher in the breath of the wind.

"Never mind, mother, you can have mine."

"All aboard, all aboard. This way ladies," said the porter and with a sigh of relief Mrs. Hastings, out of breath and miserable sank into the seat by the window.

"This is the delight of travel, Ruby. If I ever get home to Montecito again I never will—"

"Oh, mother, see! look at these boulders."

"Oh, don't, don't, Ruby. Let me rest."

"But take just one look, mother, to please me."

"Oh, my soul and body give me the smelling salts! These boulders will be down on the train. Oh! Oh! Oh! Ruby! It is frightful. Look at that mass



there. I can see them tip. Oh! and I shan't see Hiram any more."

"Here's the Devil's Slide, mother."

"Oh, what freaks of nature. Let's have the fixings for night, Ruby. I shall have the nightmare tonight, sure!"

"Hiram! Hiram! keep back! keep back! keep back!"

"What is the matter," cried the porter, rushing unannounced into the drawing room.

"I can't breathe! Oh, oh," and the whole car was in a panic.

"Is it train robbers?" cried a frantic passenger emerging in his pajamas.

"Am I in a wreck?" cried another.

"Where are we?" demanded another.

"What was that terrible noise?"

"Porter, porter."

"Yes, sah! nuffin at all, sah. Jus de lady had a little dream and talked in her sleep. She all right now. Mr. I'ze very sorry, sah, for you to be discommoded. But it was nuffin I was responsible for, sah."

"I see, I see," said our gallant traveller with the light hair and mustache. "All unavoidable and excused."

"We're just crossing the Rocky's, marm. De altitude is powerful high here, Miss. Dat's de trouble, nuffin more," and Ruby slipped fifty cents



into his hand and he showed his teeth and said, "I hope Mrs. will be better in de morn, marm."

Quiet was restored and the tug, tug, of the engines laboring under their heavy burden, lulled Angy off to rest.

On went the train past snow fences and dreary wastes.

Night shadows came again and found the ponderous engine stealing a rest in Omaha, Nebraska, beside the picturesque Missouri, whose broad expanse spread out like a feast before them. On and on and on through the chill of night gaining Chicago in the morning.

Stepping lightly from the train Ruby ushered her mother into a carriage for a drive about the city.

"Oh, Ruby, these paving stones jar my head terribly. What shall I do? What shall I do. Oh, what high buildings. What if there should be an earthquake, we'd surely be swallowed up and perish. Oh, Ruby, Ruby, tink on the window and have him stop."



## XIV

**A**ND shall we see our travellers again, seated in the Chicago limited. Next to their drawing room, Ruby recognized the same light haired gentleman that they had met who was so kind to her mother.

"I've lost my pocket book, Ruby. Oh! help me find it."

"Can I help you, madam?" came the courteous question.

"Oh! how do you do, sir? I've seen you before, I think, perhaps."

"Oh, yes, yes," he said, remembering. "Is this your purse?" and he picked it from the folds of her overdress.

"Oh, sir, a thousand thanks. I assure you I appreciate your courtesy, sir, very much. How much he reminds me of Jack Templeton, Ruby. Leave that door open for air. It's very stuffy in here."

"All right, ma."

"When you can, get a good look at him I want you to see if it isn't he."

"Oh, no, mother. This gentleman has light hair and Mr. Templeton has dark hair. His eyes are a bit like his."



"Your father is all gone on him, Ruby, and I must say I was very much pleased with him. He had such an engaging manner. Rebecca said Hiram made a fool of him. I don't know but what he did. Do you really think he liked you, to be candid?"

"I think he seemed a trifle jealous of Mr. Worthington."

The next day passed without incident and about nine o'clock the train pulled into the South Station.

"Oh, Ruby Hastings, I'm so pleased to see you."

"Why, Eva, I didn't expect you,—and Claude, you here too? How nice of you both. Girls, this is my mother."

"How do you do," said Mrs. Hastings mechanically to both of the young ladies. "Boo, isn't it cold?" cried Angy.

Eva took off her own fur and threw it about Mrs. Hastings' shoulders. "Take my arm, Mrs. Hastings."

"How I miss Hiram, Eva."

"Yes, of course you would. How long are you going to stay in the East?"

"Several weeks. I am going to visit relatives."

"Sit down here, mother, with Claude and Eva and I will get your ticket."

Hardly had they taken their departure before a strange man confronted Mrs. Hastings with a "How do you do, Mrs. Hastings. My boss sent me to fetch you home in safety. There's just time to catch the train if we hurry. The limited was late."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?"

"The train is on track 8, car 10."



"I can't go, I can't go. Ruby told me to stay here with Claude. I've got in all manner of trouble telling and doing things that I shouldn't."

"Let the young woman wait and tell her that you have left for track 8, car 10."

"Oh dear, oh dear. I can't walk so fast. Claude you take the other arm," she called, and Claude did.

"I want to tell you about Ruby's beaux, Claude, there's time enough. There's a doctor that likes her, a singer and—" a young man with blonde hair kept just abreast of them on the platform—"and a Mr. Worthington. I don't know which will get her."

Ruby and Eva, puzzled and perplexed, rushed back to find both gone and had it not been for a stranger who had watched proceedings, it would have been a predicament indeed.

"They have gone, lady, for car 10, track 8."

"Thank you," said Ruby, and off the two rushed making the train just as it gave the first step ahead.

"Give him the ticket," said Claude, as the coachman ran down the car steps and caught the ticket.

"What does this all mean, Claude?"

"It's all right. That man was the lady's coachman, where she was going. He called your mother by name."

"Oh, girls, what a mix up, but I feel so relieved to know mother has started and is in safe hands," and the three left for Wellesley and in due time Ruby was in her old quarters, located for the rest of the season.



## XV

**A**ND shall we look upon Mr. Hastings at this time, boarding the boat at Santa Barbara for San Francisco, valise in hand, his face firm and anxious looking.

"I fear trouble ahead," he said to himself as he crossed the gang plank. "There's mischief of some kind brewing. I wish I didn't have to go but this will business must be attended to. The law firm is of the best. Lord and Norcross is an old established place of business in Seattle. I have nothing to fear from them. Steward, where is this number," and he thrust his berth check out for direction.

"This way, sir," and Hiram, who had allowed no extra time, felt the steamer's motion under him.

"I'm off," he sighed as he threw his hat on his berth.

When Mr. Hastings neared the Golden Gate he knew he would be in San Francisco in short order.

"I guess I'll stay at the Palace, that is centrally located, near the shops, Telegraph Hill and the Chronicle Building, etc. I've got to get me some cards. I don't see how I came to forget mine. This trip is a forced one and I can't expect things to run without a few mishaps of this kind. I never knew



Rebecca to start me off without everything I did need and a good deal I didn't or couldn't ever have a use for before, but she isn't infallible, nobody is that."

"I'm off," says Hiram, with a sigh. "This Shasta Limited will go along apace. I shall make, Seattle, let me see," and he consulted his timetable—"yes, about—" and sure enough just on the notch, Hiram, tired and travel worn, stepped from the train into the Rainier Hotel carriage.

"This city, I have heard said is one of the finest in the northwest. Surely it's beautifully located on Eliot Bay and these terraces rising, as they do, from Puget Sound, make it very attractive. I suppose all these buildings have been built since the fire, eight years or so ago. I won't look up the law firm until I've had a good night's rest and brush up in general," and so we leave him with good intentions, located in the best place he could be for business or for pleasure.

'Mid the inspiring view of the Olympic Mountains with nature's panorama like a guardian angel hovering about him far from home 'mid strange scenes and events and the curtain falls in silken folds about him. Hushed is the scribe's pen 'neath the blue sky of this wintry clime.



## XVI

**A**UNT Rebecca," said Suky, when they were sitting together in the library.

"Yes, Suky."

"I don't think that will of Uncle William's is a fair one. I'm a niece just the same as Ruby. Why shouldn't I have at least \$25,000.00.

"Well," says Rebecca Ann, falling in with the proposition, "I don't think Ruby would care and of course it wouldn't affect the rest of us. The rest and residue goes to Ruby. I never myself would want to meddle with a dead man's provisions, Suky."

"You are different from me. I'm an orphan and have myself to look after, in a way," snapped Suky.

"If you say so, I can go to Los Angeles and consult an attorney as to the advisability of trying to break it," snapped Rebecca. "I don't know what Hiram would say."

"I don't care," says Suky. "If you don't go, I shall."

"Well, I'll pack up my grip tonight and start in the morning, only mind you, this is your business, not mine."

Sure enough, Delia, feigning not to know anything



about anything, is surprised to hear that Rebecca Ann will not be back for dinner.

"Why, marm, what a sudden start. Faith whar kin ye ba goin?"

"Just forty minutes to make the station," called Peter and she was off.

"I'm Miss Rebecca Ann Hastings, sir. Give this card to Mr. Russell Gore."

"Step in here and be seated please," and Rebecca did as she was directed, her eagle eyes searching the room from ceiling to floor.

"This is Miss Hastings, I take it."

"You're Mr. Gore."

"That's my name, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I am here on business for some one else. My niece, Suky Rocks, wants to break her uncle's will." The clerk and stenographer were called in.

"Take down what is said," he commanded, his tall choleric figure upright before her, his cold grey eyes flashing.

"That's all," he said, "that's sufficient," and he waved the stenographer out of the room.

"I can't see how it is feasible, Miss Hastings," the clerk heard him say as he made his exit.

"I don't want to be overheard, sir."

"No danger, I assure you, madam. These are tried co-workers that I have. They are not allowed to disclose anything they might hear."



He pushed his long, bony fingers through his mat of red hair and sat down, and the door being a partition door the writer missed all but a word now and then that lent but little satisfaction, and Rebecca emerged with a confident air, stalking like a proud possessor of valuable information.

This much is certain. Suky was told that the attorney was opposed to doing anything at this time by Rebecca, he seeing no grounds whereby to act now or at any future time in her behalf.

"I can't see why," sighed Suky, keeping the subject mulling over and over picking up the argument again and again. "He could, if he would. He's very unjust and unprincipled not to try, Aunt Rebecca. If I were a man I'd be more helpful to a poor female."

"Oh, do keep still, Suky. I can't run across you any time of the day or night but what you're probing me for more reasons why or why not this or that thing can't be done. I think we better come to some sane conclusion on the matter, Suky, and let it drop," and after a day or two Suky apparently acquiesces and the subject is seemingly cast out of both their minds.

"Oi'll bae mum," says Delia, "not a word of what Oi've gethered shall pass mae lips now or niver, no Delia Mallony, not Oi," and she shook her fist at herself in the glass. "Remimber, Delia, not now or niver," and her work was renewed with redoubled vigor as she came to this wise conclusion.



Kept, shall we say, and the drama of life depicts character as it is and time marches with a lock-step, with events today as yesterday making port on the shore of misery or joy.



## XVII

**C**LAUDE, what is that you have in your hand?"

"A German story, Ruby. While you were home I read a whole book in French. I'm a literary star, girls, hanging in the cradle of destiny."

"An all 'round genius, I guess," says Eva.

"But what about the young man you have fallen in love with up to Mrs. Stacy's?" laughingly spoke Ruby and Claude's face, always austere in aspect, drew back as she straightened her tall, slender figure to its full height.

"Bert Mansfield is nothing to me."

"Why, girls," says Eva, very diplomatically, "it's quarter to four and we really must hurry. Mrs. Stacy has been so kind to invite us to her home."

"Her coachman is to call for us at five," says Ruby. "Put on your prettiest dress, Claude. We don't care one bit if you do carry off the young man's heart."

Before the appointed time, Patrick, in high hat and furs, was at the door.

"I'm not half fixed," says Claude, throwing on her furs.



"You look lovely," says Eva, stepping in after Ruby and Claude.

Ruby, with laughing eyes, said, "Claude, next book you read let it be, 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

"Does he sing, girls, just tell me that, Eva? Is he light or dark?"

"He is dark, Ruby, with a pair of the most bewitching eyes you ever saw. Why, really, he is a connection some way in the Stacy family. Beatrice Van Dyke said his brother married her mother's step-daughter."

Patrick turned his head perceptibly.

"The McGraths are rich, you know."

Ruby said no more.

Was she thinking of her cousin Suky, Eva wondered, or what harm could have been in her last sentence about the family connection?

"Paul Stacy is very nice," says Claude, changing the subject. "I think so, don't you, Eva?"

Eva blushed perhaps, but she did not commit herself in words and so the talk ran on away from the chaperone's ears, out from under college rules for a few minutes. "What bliss, girls, this freedom of our tongues is. Just as good as a tonic."

"Oh, girls, I do like dear old Wellesley," spoke Ruby after a long silence. "You may talk all you like about the young men, but this enchanted place has a myrtle wreath of memories for me, stilled not by the foibles of society."

"Ruby, please don't. Next thing we shall know



you will be entering a convent. I heard all about your charity work in the land of Yanonalit."

"Here we are girls, almost. I see the house. Is that he?"

"Oh, what foolish children," Ruby said, as she stepped lightly from the sleigh. "But I'll help you all I can. I surely will. I will play Mother Superior watching over her little ones."

And Patrick, shall we say, really smiled as he sat there waiting for Eva and Claude to free him from his duties.

"I am so sorry that Bert has been detained," said Mrs. Stacy, "but we better not wait dinner for him any longer."

A gloom came over the company. The comet that had shown so brilliantly in the sky of anticipation had sunk out of sight and reach for Claude, and dinner would have been a bitter morsel had not Bert rushed in full of apologies and smiles.

"I just couldn't make here before, Aunt Lucretia."

"Well, sit down," she said. "Bring in the soup, Dinah."

"Oh, really, Aunt, never mind the soup, I have just had lunch down town. This is Miss Hastings—of where, did you say, Aunt?"

"Of Montecito."

"O yes, yes, I see. A charming country, Miss Hastings, is it not?"

"I am a great admirer of my native place and state, Mr. Mansfield."



"I—really, I think it was in 1885 I was there, wasn't it, Aunt Lucretia?"

"Oh, don't ask me. My memory is poor on such matters. Stephen, my husband, says he's always on the move somewhere."

"Why, Aunt," said Bert adjusting his glasses and smoothing his hair and whiskers in quick succession.

"He only got back from somewhere just a few days ago."

"Miss Hastings, now really take my part. Beatrice, over there, knows me too well for me to receive sympathy from her."

"They are just the same as engaged," spoke Aunt Lucretia to Claude under her handkerchief, "Beatrice and Bert."

"That's so, mother," said Paul, his ruddy face aglow. "I heard."

"Let me call your attention to my latest prize, Miss Ruby," said Paul and off the two went, breaking up the group at table.

"We're willing for that to be a match." This time Aunt Lucretia addressed her conversation to Eva.

"I think it looks that way, don't it to you?"

"Why, Mrs. Stacy."

"I've been called away by telephone," said Bert Mansfield, laying down the receiver. "What a pity this is."

"What a busy man for a man with all his leisure," said Virginia Stacy with a merry laugh.



"Live without me, that's all. Good-by. I'm off," and the door sprung to with a bound after him. Once outside he slowed up his pace, and grew very thoughtful.

"This is the only way. I can't live without Ruby Hastings and there's Aunt Lucretia making it out that Beatrice Van Dyke is the only one." He lit his cigar nervously. This did not end his soliloquy. "She is a raving beauty to begin with. Her disposition,—there you have me,—she's the cleverest girl every way in the land." He hesitated a moment, threw a puff of smoke from his mouth, snatched off his spectacles, pocketed them, then with one twist of his hand, he removed his whiskers, pocketed them also, and if the dark cosy corner in which he had chosen to secrete himself could have revealed his face, Jack Templeton and none other would have stepped, for a moment unobserved, into the light. "Here it is. Good luck this," and without a moment's loss of time he placed a blonde wig upon his head as he casually walked along and added the same blonde mustache that Mrs. Hastings had looked upon on the trip east.

"Now, ready," he said, and quickening his pace stepped nimbly up the steps to Mrs. Stacy's door, and rang the bell.

To Dinah he thrust out a card with "Jack Templeton," affixed to it.

"Is Miss Hastings here? I understood she could be found here. A little matter of business—will



only detain her but a half hour or so—" and he was ushered into the library.

Beatrice Vandyke with erect carriage and her cheeks rosier than usual with the exhilaration from her reciting, was giving good amusement for the company. Her eyes sparkling with the part she was playing and not until she had finished did she miss Ruby.

Paul noted the flush that mounted Ruby's cheeks as the card was presented to her and his eyes followed her out of the room and along the broad hallway toward the conservatory.

"I am disguised," he said in strained whispering accents close into Ruby's ear. "My real name is Mansfield. I am the whiskered gentleman that stepped out just a moment ago. I have followed you across country and back, believe me, Miss Ruby, in desperation."

"Mr. Templeton, I am bewildered, perplexed."

"I was Patrick, on the box. I was the deceiving lover of Beatrice Vandyke. Since I first looked upon your beautiful face I have thought of nothing but you. She may hold me to my avowals of love, but Miss Ruby—" they were now in the conservatory 'mid the varying blooms—"I have gone through all this for you," and the pink carnations of her cheeks deepened as his ardent protestations of affection were poured into her ears. When he stooped to pluck a rose for her, his blonde disguise fell off, observed by Beatrice Vandyke, who threw up her hands at



the disclosure. Her Bert, the betrayer of her heart, the blight of her life. But realizing fully the value of not being observed she straightened herself as was her custom and a vengeance became manifest within her that carried her back to the group of young folks unruffled and unchanged for their gaze.

Ruby returned to the group. The caller had left, and Paul Stacy was looking as only a lover could into Ruby's face, when the night latch key of Bert Mansfield was thrust into the door and Bert bounded in.

"By Jove, girls, let's have a song."



## XVIII

**L**ETTING time veil the succeeding events we look upon a stranger in the Santa Barbara streets wending her way to a carriage. Nothing unusual, we say, in this land where the tourist makes the population. But what of her? Who is she?

“How far is it to Mr. Hiram Hastings’, sir?”

“Air line or by road, Miss?” came the answer, sliding on the stranger’s understanding with a trifle of satire in it. “Wall!” he said laughing, seeing his remarks hadn’t set. “Wall, miss, you don’t know me so well as Hiram himself does. I’ve growed up along side on him. That is, seen Peter and the rest of the folks so much that they seem kind of relatives to me. Hiram’s a clever man, blunt, but you know allus jus whar to take him. Comin’ round towards the point, Miss, he ain’t to hum now. Ain’t no use lyin’ to you and havin’ you findin’ me out later.”

“I don’t care to see *him*. It is Miss Hastings.”

“Oh, yes, yes, step right in, Miss. It’s four miles or so. I’ll fetch yer right over after I’ve nabbed that e’er man on tother side of the street up thar by the post-office. I want to order some hickory.



I've got to have it for I'm all out and the old woman wouldn't like it if I didn't get it thar some way or how. Thar's a good many curious things round these parts if you be unacquainted. Thar's an eagle up this way. A piece made of myrtle or some kind of evergreen on a trellis-like, with electric bulbs for eyes, quarest fashioned thing you ever see—how some folks kin think on so much stuff, me nor the old woman, neither can understand. Thar's an Australian bottle brush tree tother side of the town, if you have time, Miss, you oughter hunt up. But Hiram's folks, by the way come from Yanonalit, up Carpenteria way. Angenette, his wife, allus was that soft way when she was a youngun. What Hiram could ever see in her has been the speculation for folks, ever since he married her. She's off now.

“Their only daughter is bein' college eddicated some whar east way. How them two could have had such an all killin' good lookin' young un, to speak plain about it, I can't no way, nohow see. Rebecca Ann, the maiden sister to Hiram, is the only one to home 'cept a lame gal some way connected to them. I don't know justly how. Hiram has gone to look arter some money affair. His brother died lately and Ruby thar is to become an heiress. Awful rich.”

“What do you call wealthy out here?” came the inquiry of his heretofore silent companion.

“Half a million or so, Miss. She had lots of beaux



afore she noised round she was |to have it. Thar was one followed her cross country when she came home for the holiday season. I met him, and gosh, he nearly run down kerridge and all on the ocean front with his fiery charger. His name was Templeton—Jack Templeton. I wish her well. She's clever, Miss. Allus doin' good. Never speakin' any harm of nobody. I run across Ezra Stark tother day and he told me how she put everybody on thar feet over in his town by buying out Piper John, the butcher and the grocer and fixing up Aunt Lucretia Stebbins so's she's up and about with the aid of a crutch."

"She must be a beautiful characted girl," answered the stranger, plying the old man with another question. "Is she engaged?"

"That I can't no way get any means of finding out sartain, Miss. Here we are," says the driver laying down the reins and getting out with difficulty. "I'll ring the bell fur you, marm."



## XIX

ON the afternoon of a day in February we look upon an unusual arrival at the Hotel in Santa Barbara. A woman, say forty-five, of foreign aspect, with flowing robes and decidedly Oriental in appearance.

A few days later Rebecca Ann and Suky send in a card of introduction from Mrs. Trowbridge to none other than Madam Calif, world famous medium, crystal reader, clairvoyant and palmist, recently arrived from the Orient.

Casting her eyes over the cards Madam Calif called her maid, waved her jewel covered hand towards the entrance, and the maid ushered Suky Rocks into her presence.

Suky, somewhat excited but intent of purpose, took the proffered seat, watching the glory of the medium's jewelled necklace, as she did so. Never in all her life had she seen such robes, such magnificent surroundings.

Madam sat on an elevated divan, with all the pomp and splendor of the native orientalist that she appeared, 'mid the perfume of sassafras and sandal wood, 'mid the sweet aroma of glorious blooms.

The floor and the walls were all bedecked with



the good luck symbolized rugs and tapestries and in the extended hand of the oracle Suky's eyes beheld the magician's cards.

Suky began, "I have heard of your wonderful power, Madam Calif."

The Star of the Orient bowed low and began: "Your great devotion for a certain doctor is apparent to me. Your inheritance by will through a recent death you are dissatisfied with. You have secret envy, concealed hatred for a beautiful young woman some way concerned with the property. Will you have a crystal reading or clairvoyant palm recital or—?"

"It matters not," said our now excited Suky. "Say to me whether I shall ever marry that doctor, if I should be successful, if my other hopes might be realized, if any danger would come to myself if I should undertake that which is uppermost in my mind?"

"They appear to be plausible," answered the medium, the words sinking into Suky's innermost being. "Very plausible indeed."

Suky's face was scarlet as she left the presence of this stranger from foreign shores. When she joined Aunt Rebecca just outside the portals, she told her she had met a spirit from the other world and never could she forget the grandeur and magnificence of the sainted woman, that still held her as if in a vice.

"I had to pay five dollars but it was surely worth it. Mrs. Harmon ought to consult her. I am so



grateful to Mrs. Trowbridge for letting me know about her," said Suky, mopping her face with her handkerchief. "The perfume of so many flowers, or something, I don't know what, has exhausted me. Let us drive home right away. Perhaps Ruby dear will have a letter there for us that will make me forget all I have heard, Aunt Rebecca."

"Perhaps so," sighed Rebecca. "We ought to hear from Hiram by tomorrow night anyway."



## XX

**W**HILE the succeeding events are shaping themselves the bevy of college girls are all excitement over their invitations to a grand ball given and chaperoned by a fashionable matron in the suburbs of Boston.

The palatial home of Mrs. Montgomery is at last thrown open to her guests, the evening of February tenth. The glare of electricity upon my first glimpse is blinding.

From the distance 'way, 'way off, merging from a breastwork of palms and fernery, comes the tones of the violin, the trombone and the drum, blending in one grand medley of sound, the welcoming sere-nade. "On to the dance," it seems to say while the piccolo in piping notes sends its impish clarion into the recessed corners of the magnificent ball-room.

An unusual stir among the guests makes me look with wide open eyes; and behold, like a goddess sweeping every glance, comes our heroine in soft clinging folds of violet. Not a jewel, not one single adornment save her crown of beautiful hair can be seen. Her magic voice and step stirs every heart.

First Bert Mansfield, with glowing eyes, calls



for the first dance, and Claude Adare looks on like one resigned.

Then Evelyn Nutting, with grace and beauty, glides up beside her chum and throws her arm about Ruby's waist, and says, "Mrs. Montgomery wishes me to capture you for just one moment while she presents to you her nephew, Mr. Walton."

"I see, I see," says Bert Mansfield waving his hands after both as if he wholly approved.

"Here you are," says Mrs. Montgomery. "My most esteemed guest, dear Ruby. I had you singled out by your charming chum to meet my nephew first, upon his arrival. Allow me to present to you, Mr. Thomas Walton, of Washington, D. C."

"Mr. Walton, it gives me great pleasure to meet you," said Ruby, as she looked upon a tall, well proportioned young man with oval face and brown hair.

"I am sure the great pleasure is mine," came the jovial response. "Is your first dance taken?"

"Yes, Mr. Walton, but my second is not."

"Then shall the privilege be mine?"

"If you wish it."

Then Ruby was besieged by Paul Stacy, his ruddy face rosier than usual from his over exertion.

"Where have you kept yourself? Virginia said you were at the other end of the room. Dance the first with me?"

"I am so sorry, Mr. Stacy, my first and my second are already taken."

"So soon? By whom, may I ask?"



“Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Walton.”

“Well, let it be third then, Miss Ruby.”

On went the dance, with mirth and dazzling beauty. Beatrice Vandyke, with head erect and proud bearing, swept past with Paul Stacy. Then the austere visage of Claude Adare with a Mr. Graham Germane, then Virginia Stacy with Mr. Goldthwait and so they came, until Jack Templeton and Ruby with grace and beauty glided past under the keen glance of Beatrice Vandyke.

“What a night. What a privilege,” Jack was saying as he carried Ruby along with the music. “You are the Queen of the Ball. All eyes are upon us. What care I?” said he, making way between two couples. “I have the honor of the first dance. Beatrice is captured at last by Stacy. Ha! ha! ha! What grand music this. Cost a penny or so for the Symphony Orchestra, but the Montgomerys are copper proof. Money to burn, you know,” and abruptly the music ceased to the disappointment of Jack, who bore Ruby away on his arm to a seat, to be captured by her new friend, Mr. Walton.

“You dance divinely, Miss Hastings. Shall I fan you? Will you have a glass of water? This is the greatest privilege of my life, Miss Hastings, to dance with a young woman so void of the caprices of fashion, so beautiful and yet so free from vanity.”

“Thank you, Mr. Walton. To dance with a young man who esteems himself above the petty deceits of society seems grand to me.”



Too soon did the gay notes cease that coupled the drama of life to the sweet accents of heritage.

“By Jove,” said Paul Stacy, running up. “You danced like an angel with that man. I’m a trifle jealous of everybody in this room. Your name is on every lip. Your heart, Miss Ruby, must be illumined. Your voice changes to an angel’s beckoning whisper. ‘Come,’ it seems to say. ‘Come, come.’ ”

“Oh, Mr. Stacy, please don’t.”

The music had not ceased but Ruby begged to rest and Paul guided her to the corner divan where she sat like a rose just blooming. Paul wielded her fan gallantly. His silvery words were but an echo. His avowals of love but the ripple of circumstance playing their part in the medley of life.

The refreshments were announced all too soon. The tempting delicacies were partaken of.

The clock on the landing showed a beckoning warning. The evening gayeties were over, Jack and Paul each being satisfied that he was the lucky one; Beatrice Vandyke happy with the thought that all was well.

Claude, who spoke not her thoughts, left with the rest with memories of a festive fete to be caught on the wings of recollection.



## XXI

**R**UBY was really exhausted and looked very pale, Evelyn thought, as she sat beside her in the carriage. "I fear you are working too hard, Ruby. Now the excitement is over your cheeks are really pale. Your eyes, too, look very weary."

"Nonsense, Eva. But I do feel so tired."

"Hadn't you better go down to Dr. Farrington's and have him prescribe for you? It isn't right for you to look so pale," and true friend that Evelyn was she went to the doctor's office with her.

"I would advise a complete change, Miss Hastings," said the doctor. "A water trip where you could be quiet from your studies and society, an extended trip abroad with, perhaps, your mother."

"And leave dear old Wellesley?"

"Your health is worth more to you, Miss Hastings. I would suggest the southern route via Gibraltar, Naples and then cross to Alexandria and from thence to Cairo up the Nile."

The doctor looked over his eye glasses searchingly. "If this way is chosen, you should be off in a week, so as to do the hot countries before the season is off."

"Why, it takes my breath away, doctor, and



Dad, what would he do and Aunt Rebecca and Suky?"

"I know just what Mr. Hastings would do," said Evelyn coming to the doctor's rescue. "I have only met him once but that was enough to satisfy me that whatever was for your good he would push to the uttermost. I will wire Mr. Hastings at Seattle and if the response is favorable we will have her off, doctor."

"I'm glad to hear it, very, Miss Nutting."

Mrs. Hastings breathlessly declared, "It was the quickest decision her Hiram had ever made."

And as the big ocean liner slowly wended its way out of the harbor that February day, Angy started for her berth.

"Oh, Ruby, dear, I never can, I know I can't get to our stateroom! Oh isn't it rough? Why did I come? Oh dear, dear me, I shall be overboard. I shall be overboard. Where's the smelling salts, Ruby?"

"Allow me to assist you, madam," said a stranger running to her.

"Oh, dear, dear," sighed Angy, as she regained her upright position. "Thank you, sir. I am so sick."

Over the watery highway, day after day, over the dancing waves, the big liner went rolling on. Was Ruby dreaming of home as the days passed?

Mrs. Hastings, bedecked in hood and generous



folds of a golf cape, well tucked in her steamer chair, was no longer oblivious of the rolling of the gallant ship, but was safely at rest in the arms of Morpheus for her morning nap.

“Mother dear! we are nearing land.”

“Where, Ruby, where?”

“The Azores!”

The bold outlines of San Miguel were rising proudly from the sea. The day was perfect, and skirting along the south shore of this grand oasis, as it seemed after days on the high seas, was one of interest to our travellers.

The Azores are a group of nine islands, at intervals along a course of four hundred miles. Semi-tropical and volcanic, San Miguel is the largest of the islands, being eighty miles long and twenty-five miles wide. The pastures or fields were very green and every available spot, even to the hilltops, seemed to be under cultivation, the division lines being formed by throwing up the lava. In places ravines had been cut down to the sea through the volcanic soil. Again the perpendicular walls of volcanic rock rose in rough outlines from out the sea, and now and then the orange, red, grey and brown coloring came out slowly with the sun upon the formation. The hills were in irregular outline, the highest having an altitude of 2,500 feet.

Little villages of low white houses, without chimneys, appeared at intervals with an occasional windmill turning hand springs on the sky.



Monday morning, found the good ship in the outer harbor off shore from the Gates of Hercules.

"Mother, dear, don't get nervous, I find we have to leave on a tender for the town of Gibraltar."

"Oh, dear me! Ruby, I never can, never, never, never!"

"See, mother! The first passenger has tried it in safety! Just look at the steps, not at the water."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Just take the first step, mother, and all fear will leave you."

"If I should fall into the water, Ruby—if I should —"

"Now take another step, mother."

"Tell Hiram I died thinking of him!" and the sturdy seaman lifted her bodily over the tender's edge.

"Oh, Ruby! The smelling salts, the smelling salts. If I was only home I— Oh, Ruby! Where are we, getting into Paris?"

"No, mother, Gibraltar."

"What's that?"

"A fortification. We will soon be on land," and sure enough, they were directly borne away by the sturdy little horses in an antique vehicle over the wooden and stone pavements, through the main street which was narrow; and then they began the ascent, a steep climb up streets, which rivalled those of Quebec, to the barracks, where they registered; then a soldier guided them down sloping streets,



where they caught a glimpse of the blue waters of the bay, then again up an incline, where on either side luxuriant foliage and flowers were drooping in a medley of bloom.

The great rock loomed up before them. The gate was unlocked, the steep climb began up the wide arched galleries cut out of the solid rocks, and large enough for a mule team to pass. A faint, glimmering light crossed their path, and Angy, though somewhat out of breath, was doing wonderfully well.

"Oh, Ruby! how have I stood the climb so well? If I can only get to the top and see the view. Can I see the Eiffel tower from up there?"

"No, mother, this is Gibraltar."

"Oh, I see, Ruby, it's the other side of the hill! Oh, dear me! how different everything is when you get to a place. I can't go another step. Let's start back," and they descended rapidly.

Leaving the barracks they clattered down over hilly streets, past the tile-roofed and stucco-be-decked houses of various hues, to the beautiful Alameda. From one side of this open space wide low steps lead up to the gardens. Here Mrs. Hastings and her daughter sat down on a low stone bench, near the Elliot monument, surrounded by what seemed to be peculiar, struggling, old pine trees with spreading tops, picturesque palm trees, the eucalyptus, with its bark hanging in somewhat circling forms around the trunk, the pepper tree in



fruit, a profusion of sweet scented yellow flowers, amaryllis, red geranium, etc.

"Ruby, this seems like home," said Angy, as she looked about her with delight, and as she spoke they heard the tramp of marching feet.

There just below, and near them, the red coats marched by, forming a brilliant bit of color complimentary to the luxuriant green, then a touch of the blue waters beyond, guarded by the more distant Spanish Hills of the Inner Bay.

After a long, lingering look they continued on their way to Europa Point, where they saw the homes of the officers.

"My head is so tired," says Angy.

"I am getting weary too, mother. We will just catch a glimpse of the market place as we go back to the boat landing," and they saw the native women with kerchiefed heads, and the unique figure of a Moor in passing.

Once under the baggage shed Angy, now entirely exhausted, sank down upon a bench, oblivious of her surroundings, settling heavily against what seemed to her a nice filled bag.

"Oh dear me, I didn't know I was so tired, Ruby," and she fell asleep.

Suddenly the unforeseen happened—Angy's prop commenced moving. She stirred restlessly in her sleep. Where was she? Her eyes opened wide. Her pillow moved convulsively.

"Oh dear me! Where am I? What is the mat-



ter, Ruby?" She staggered to her feet, rubbing her eyes. "Oh dear me! Oh dear," she looked behind her, and there, straining his eyes in the gloom was a drowsy Spaniard just aroused from his slumbers.

Mrs. Hastings realized her predicament. She had been resting against this foreigner. She started to walk hurriedly, and Ruby followed.

"What a dreadful thing, Ruby. Oh dear, dear me! Don't ever tell, will you! Oh! I can't walk so fast! Let me catch my breath. Is he coming?"

"Do not think about it any more, mother dear. It was only a coincidence of travel. We must go aboard the tender now. Don't you want some of these sweet lemons? They look very tempting, indeed. Here mother, taste it." The boy had vanished with his pretty grass basket.

"Well, in a minute," and she took it and sank her teeth well into the juicy delicacy. "Oh! Oh! take it, Ruby. It's a sour lemon. Oh, the wicked boy." She wiped her mouth vigorously. "What a dreadful state of—" and over the white capped waves sped the tender, gaining the liner where our travellers went on deck to watch the various contours of that impregnable fortress which the English have held since 1705.

A little village,—Catalan Bay,—lay nestled at the foot of the great cliff on the Mediterranean side. The Spanish coast appeared in the irregular hills which gradually receded until lost to view. They



looked across to the rugged gateway on the African shore, twenty miles from Gibraltar.

Just after breakfast the second morning, they began skirting the coast of Sardinia, sometimes afar off and then nearer, sailing from cape to cape of the larger bay on the south.

The lights and shades as the clouds shifted over the rugged coast line and retreating hills were fascinating, and as this Italian island was quickly passed and another span of the limpid blue waters lured them on, the good ship dropped anchor in the early morning in beautiful Vesuvius Bay, with all its beauty and charm, with grim old Vesuvius now at rest, with only a blue line of smoke, suggesting the hidden power of this vent of the earth's forces.



## XXII

MRS. Hastings and Ruby with glad-some hearts were soon located ashore surrounded with letters and luxuriant blooms.

"Hiram says, 'Don't try to take in everything, Ruby, but go leisurely until you feel very strong.' Oh dear me, oh dear, not a word where I must hurry or not! He appears to me to be troubled like about something. What can it be? I shan't have a bit of a good time if I feel he is worried. Oh dear! Oh dear."

"Don't worry, mother, we will take a drive to Pompeii and spend the night."

"As you say, Ruby. What is there, for us to see?"

"The excavations of a city once buried by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius."

"Oh, I'm afraid to go, Ruby. I can't do it, I can't do it. I shall be buried alive."

"That occurred years ago, mother, dear."

"Then it is time for another disturbance. Oh dear. Why did I come? Oh, dear me. Oh—dear."

"There's nothing to fear, mother. If you rather, we can take a shorter drive first to Pozzuoli."



“Oh don’t, Ruby. Don’t say another word. I shall have no nerves left. What shall I do? I’m going to write Hiram and ask him what can be the matter that makes him so different. Here, Ruby, you take the pen and say you are much better. I can’t stand such neglect from Hiram above all others and ask him for my sake to be careful and write love letters to me even if he don’t mean them,” and she covered her face with her handkerchief. “What should I do without Hiram’s love?”

“Mother! Mother! Dad’s letter is all right. I can’t see anything wrong at all.”

“Oh, my head, my head. Let me rest. Don’t you go back on me, Ruby. He didn’t even tell me he wished he could give me some pickled limes. Oh, dear, but such is life.”

“I’m going to have a carriage called this very minute, mother. We must lose no more time.”

“Oh child, child!” but Ruby appeared with her mother’s wraps and her own.

“It will be a lovely afternoon drive to Pozzuoli and back, the ancient site where Paul landed in 61 or 62 A. D. At that time this was the most direct port from which to reach Rome.”

In a few minutes after leaving the hotel they went through a long tunnel under the hill. These hills along the coast seem to be a kind of tufa and look like unbaked brick.

Their little pony pulled nobly up one long hill, the driver walking beside him. Back of them was



Vesuvius with a dainty cloud of smoke, looking like an attached cloud rolling off at the side. Before them and below, the sparkling waters.

The prison for all Italy is located on a bold island. The topography of the country is so changed that it must of necessity be disappointing from an historical standpoint. The town of Pozzuoli once stood over what is now the crater of Sufferatta. There is a roadway across the depression forming the crater and at one side the water bubbles up in a small space. The odor of sulphur is very apparent from the steam. Near by is a building for the manufacture of terra-cotta.

They drove on toward the present town of Pozzuoli, past the ruins of the amphitheatre where Nero used to go, and perhaps even take part in the ring. Descending a steep pavement to the coast, they came back to Naples over an equally interesting drive, passing a sumptuous tomb, which a rich Egyptian Jew already has built for himself, when he passes on to another state.

As they neared Naples elegant carriages whirled by, occupied by handsome women, and fine looking men—the elite of the city.

“Is my bonnet on straight, Ruby? Do we look all right?”

“Yes, mother, they know we are travellers, and here we are back to our hotel.”



## XXIII

**E**ARLY the next morning with a quickly prepared lunch from the hotel they stood waiting for their carriage for their trip to Pompeii.

“Oh, Ruby, what looking horses. What are all those tag rags hitched to their harnesses for. I can’t go with such looking beasts. Think of our Juno and Jupiter at home.”

“Mother, that is part of a traveller’s life to be brought in touch with the customs of the people.”

“Oh the rowdy, Ruby. What a looking peep. Hat on eskew. Oh dear, oh dear. I never can stand it. He looks like a state’s prison bird. I wouldn’t dare.”

“He is a fit subject for a comic opera. Come, mother, come. It’s all right,” and Mrs. Hastings stepped reluctantly into the vehicle, eyeing the driver as she did so.

Off they went slowly, until a village was sighted, then the Neapolitan driver plied the lash and the teams of all sorts and description were passed in quick succession as they were slowly wending their way to market.

“I’m getting very hungry, Ruby. I must have



something to eat or I shall faint away. My breath is all gone. Give me one of those boiled eggs. It would taste better than anything," and as the driver slackened his pace Angy broke the shell, then started to peel it. Without warning the whole egg shot forth like a rocket with fantastic feats and fanciful caprices.

"Oh! oh! oh! They didn't boil them enough. Ruby, look at my dress, my face, my bonnet. What can I do? What can I do? Make the proprietor pay for it, Ruby."

"Oh, it is not so bad, mother. Let me just take off this little bit on your skirt. There just a moment longer and no one can ever tell you have had a mishap."

In the early afternoon, Mrs. Hastings and Ruby, with a very enthusiastic guide entered the ruined city, the favorite resort of the Romans, passing the most famous Temple of Apollo on their left.

"Oh, Ruby, I can't stand another minute. I've been trying as hard as I can to see something in all this mass that is whole. I should think somebody would clear it up. If it was out in Montecito they would. I am going to sit down on these steps to rest," says Angy and their guide smiled as he gazed at old Vesuvius.

"These are stepping stones, mother, and these the ruts that the chariot wheels of bygone days have made in the street."

"Yes," said the guide, "there used to be a bell



ringer stationed in the streets, they were so narrow, to give warning of an approaching chariot. When you are rested I will show you the new house. Vettiorum was brought to light in 1895. The garden is surrounded by eighteen columns and overlooked by a beautiful dining room done in Pompeiian red. The delicate figures painted to imitate various manufactories adorn the walls."

"I think you have done remarkably well, mother. We have walked a long way among the excavated streets and ruins. We have seen the house of the magistrate, Panza, to whom Blind Nydia was devoted. We have looked upon the mural paintings. We have seen the Basilica or Court of Justice, its open courts and covered galleries. We have walked upon the Street Abundance the same as Cicero in this city of the past."



## XXIV

**T**HE first scenes that greeted Mrs. Hastings and Ruby on their drive to Sorrento were the men and women working in their gardens. The soil seemed very rich as they dexterously handled it.

They could readily see that the overflow from Vesuvius was responsible for this, also the system of irrigation accounted for the tall pampas grass which on every hand caught their eyes.

“What do they do with this grass, Ruby?”

“Make storage huts of it, mother!”

The homes of these peasants are so primitive, but how picturesque, with the stucco blending in harmony with their simple life, and as they journeyed along how tempting the cauliflower looked, in its wealth of growth. On they went through Castellamare, Vico, Meta to Sorrento, well paid for their journey they both thought as they left their carriage and stepped quickly out to the broad veranda of the hotel, which had a commanding view, on one of the bluffs.

“Oh, Ruby! isn’t this grand?”

“It certainly is.”

The sparkling waters of the bay lay at their feet, Capri at their left.



Vesuvius now in the distance, and Naples away over the other side of the bay.

A little past eleven they left Sorrento and again passed between the high walls which protected the orange and lemon groves above them on either side.

The trees were heavily laden and sheltered from the winds in places, by a kind of matting, evidently made from pampas grass.

Occasionally a few beautiful roses would add another touch of beauty.

As they left Meta and ascended the fine road protected by a capped wall from the cliff below, they looked back to the little town and the hilly background, then out over that bay so famous in classic literature.

The coloring on land and sea was beautiful.

A brilliant blue with a deeper hue of violet, from the cloud shadows, then close in shore, the most exquisite shades of a silvery sea green.

On the right, the hills were terraced to their very summits, with olive groves.

The fig trees were not in leaf, but the eucalyptus and sycamore were in evidence.

They passed the live oak trees which would be a welcome shade in the hotter days.

As they once again approached Pompeii, the pine trees, with branches cut to their tops leaving only an umbrella effect, stood as sentinels stationed at intervals to guard what remains to them of a once gay city.



“Now, mother, we will have lunch, and a little rest, then in the cool of the afternoon we will drive to Naples.”

Long before they were back to their temporary home the sun dropped behind Ischia, the bright stars glittered, the new moon hung like a silvery crescent over Vesuvius, the street lamps glimmered.

On, on, steadily on, the faithful horses kept up their even trot with scarcely a break, until they reached their hotel.

“I don’t feel so tired tonight, Ruby. How pleased Hiram will be to know how well we both feel.”



## XXV

**T**OWARD evening the next day they took a long lingering look at Naples—Vesuvius smoking quietly his evening pipe in the distance,—and with the memories crowding their minds the good ship went its way, passing Scylla and Charybdis in the early morning.

“I don’t feel equal to going ashore at Messina, Ruby. I don’t believe Hiram would think it proper anyway.”

“From the ship’s deck we can get a good view, mother, of the street circling the little inner harbor, with its block of stucco-faced houses surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, on which we can see an old ruin and a garden. The east side of the harbor is encircled by a sickle shape peninsula of land terminated by a fortress, looking over across the narrow water way to the snow capped hills of Italy.”

As they steamed out of the harbor, they realized that they were sailing not only on classic, but sacred waters, and in their bibles they followed the journey of St. Paul as he passed by on his journey to Rome.

During the previous night the active volcano of Stromboli was passed and Ætna appeared on the Sicilian coast before her hills faded away.

The southern portion of Italy seemed to be of



stone formation which dominates Italy, volcanic in nature.

Little villages appeared at intervals and a railway skirted the coast.

There seemed little to support life but they could see glimpses of green pastures back of the coast hills.

One little village of two or three hundred inhabitants was perched just at the foot of what looked to be a huge rock of volcanic formation.

A signal station telegraphed the safe passing of the ship.

Let us spare our readers from describing the tribute which Neptune demanded of our travellers during the passing of the time before the low lying coast of Egypt was approached.

"I have just caught a glimpse of the African shore, mother. We will soon be there."

"I'm so sick, so sick, Ruby. I never shall live to see land, I know I shan't."

"Let the stewardess help you dress."

"Oh, dear. Oh, dear. I can't raise my head from the pillow. I shall die alive. Oh my head, my head."

"Don't, mother, the sea is quiet now. We are in the harbor. I can see the boatmen coming out."

"My hair isn't combed. My dress is all undone. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Try sitting up," and as she did so Ruby tied her veil about her dishevelled hair.



The now shouting boatmen, in their long robes and turbaned heads, clambered on board soliciting the carrying of baggage ashore.

"Oh, Ruby, they mean to rob us. Just see them come. My head! My head. Let me sit down. Don't let them have my hand satchel."

"There is no danger, mother, I have engaged one of Cook's men to take us safely ashore."

"Cook's men! Who are they?"

"Agents to assist travellers and guide them to their destinations."

"Oh, dear. I feel better, but what a rattle-rattle time it is, Ruby. Will we ever make the land? What's that building off there and that one? What is that?"

"The red granite shaft is Pompey's Pillar and the other must be the light-house at Alexandria. "

"Oh, how can you think in this terrible din. I can get Hiram's next letter when I get to Cairo can't I? Oh, dear. If I only had just one pickled lime from Hiram's hand I could be happy once more. But this terrible suspense, this terrible noise."

"Step this way, ladies. It is perfectly safe."

"Oh, my umbrella, Ruby. I left it over back of my berth so's to be sure it was safe. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Never mind, mother. We can get another."

"Oh, dear, dear me," and she stepped into the boat bewailing her loss and over the dancing waves they sped, stepping foot on African soil.



They were quickly driven to the Kheideval Hotel and as Angy said in passing, "What a place for people to imagine what has been and what a homesick place to find yourself located in. Oh dear, oh dear. These street scenes—these people—this canal."

"Tomorrow morning we leave for Cairo and there you may revel in all the unusual sights until we start up river."



## XXVI

I am so thankful, Ruby. So thankful. Cairo is going to be to me the best part of the trip," sighed Angy and shall we see her watching with eager eyes each passing camel, sais and what not, for here everything is moving at once, rich and poor, threading this living maelstrom of pomp and splendor, of squalor and wretchedness.

"Oh, Ruby, what will come next?" and as she spoke a nobleman with splendid carriage passed with the rest. "Who could that be, Ruby? Wan't he swell looking. Oh, how cheap everything and everybody looks after seeing him. I believe he is coming into the hotel! I don't think I could blame you if you should become interested in foreigners if they look like him."

The Highland band was playing and Angy was gloriously happy.

"Oh Ruby, I never thought I liked excitement before. I believe if I stayed here any length of time I should grow so young looking that Hiram wouldn't know me. He would bring me home a whole car-load of pickled limes and have to charter old Sam Ranger of Yanonalit to bring them over. What would Piper John or Ezra Stark or the children say, for that matter, if they could look on such a sight."



"I am tired," said Ruby, "let us go and be quiet awhile."

As they were passing Angy's heart gave a thrill, for there before her the nobleman stood bowing in hospitable fashion on Ruby and herself.

"This is Mrs. Hastings of Montecito?"

"Yes," says Angy, deferentially.

"And this is your daughter," he said. "I am Lord Neverskeen. I have a letter here from Mr. Thomas Walton."

"Why, why," says Mrs. Hastings almost gleefully.

"Let us sit down, ladies, while I make myself known to you through Mr. Walton's letter."

Mrs. Hasting's face was aglow with the excitement of it all and Lord Neverskeen sat at Mrs. Hastings' right unfolding the well filled pages of a long letter.

" 'It will be extremely gratifying to me,' " it began, " ' if by any courtesy of yours, Mrs. Hastings and her daughter's sojourn in Cairo could be rendered more enjoyable. Mrs. Hastings has a genial manner,' " he read, and he looked from the pages smilingly upon Angy.

"Oh Lord, Lord, I can't remember, I can't remember your name. Lord!—Lord—"

"Lord Neverskeen," he said gallantly.

Ruby smiled.

"It goes without saying you can see for yourself the wondrous charms of this beautiful young woman!" he read. "I assure you it will be a great privilege to do anything in my power for you."



"Thank you, very, very much," says Angy, showing no signs of fatigue.

"If you have not planned your trip up the Nile, will you join my party? Lord and Lady Nerooski, the Honorable Samuel G. Sorokan, Master and Miss Sorokan, Count Falais, Signor Itello and so on, are of the party."

"I never did see such luck, Ruby. I know Ruby and I would be delighted. Lord—Lord—Lord—what is it? I can't remember as well as I could once."

"I assure you there are only a very few who can remember my name. It really is a very peculiar one. Now the party leave day after to morrow in the morning. What can I show you in the meantime?—the view from the Citadel, the street scenes of the Muski, or the Pyramids themselves, the Sphinx."

"The what?" says Angy.

"The Sphinx, Mrs. Hastings."

"Is that the stone lady I used to read about when Hiram first saw me, Ruby?" and they all had a good laugh.

"Ah! that's your husband."

"Yes, Hiram is a good man, too. I think you seem a lot like him in many ways."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Hastings, I feel honored, indeed."

"I want to be sure of seeing the Zoological Gardens, Lord Neverskeen."



Angy seemed to have superhuman strength given her, for they were off in a few moments.

"I want to try an elephant ride," says Angy breathlessly, looking upon the flight of steps that on either side led to a seat on his back.

"You shall," says the chivalrous lord. "There is really no danger. The keeper is always up there on his neck to keep him from being obstreperous."

"Oh dear me. What shall I do? I can't catch my breath! I'm all wound up in my skirts."

"There you are, Mrs. Hastings. Now keep your seat while I hand up your daughter."

"Oh dear, oh dear. I'm afraid. What if he should throw back his trunk. I shall die, I shall die of fright. Oh dear me."

Lord Neverskeen and Ruby saw her awful predicament and laughed her out of it as the elephant got under way.

"If it hadn't been for you," she declared to Lord Neverskeen afterwards, going up the Nile, "I should have died of fright and nothing could have prevented it. You take Ruby to the Citadel tomorrow. I shall be sick if I try to do so much!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Hastings, I will assure you if you go you shall have ample pay for going. The view from the Citadel is world famous. There is not much walking. The carriages leave us very near," and thus Angy was persuaded and towards sunset the coming day the party enters the inner court of the Citadel.



Looking upon the terrace before them they behold the Alabaster Mosque begun by Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried Mrs. Hastings, “what a beautiful structure! What are those spindle-like things that run up into the air so high?”

“Those are minarets, Mrs. Hastings,” said Lord Neverskeen. “The architecture of the building is Saracenic. When the foundations of its walls were being laid the planet Mars, which the Arabs called Kahir, or ‘the Victorious,’ crossed the meridian of the new city. So the Caliph called it ‘Kahira’ from which the name Cairo comes. Gloomy memories haunt this place. It was here,” said Lord Neverskeen, “in 1811, I think, that by the order of Mohammed Ali, the Mamelukes, his political enemies, were massacred. He invited them to a banquet, being planned to dispel suspicion, but when the guests were once inside the fortress they were cut down like grass before the scythe and were left in one writhing mass save one who escaped by spurring his horse into the ravine below.”

“Oh dear, the smelling salts. Oh, I can’t stand excitement. What a dreadful thing! What a dreadful thing.”

“Mrs. Hastings, I beg a thousand pardons for rehearsing the scenes of by gone days. It is the present we must take care of. Let me call your attention to the beautiful view. First is the city itself which has been the capital one thousand



years. It has over four hundred thousand inhabitants. Those minarets, of which you can see so many, adorn the numberless mosques contained within the limits of the city. Then comes the grand old Nile. Then looking still farther, you get a fine view of the Pyramids. Cheops, four hundred and eighty-two feet high, is the most stupendous. It does not look it from this vantage, does it, Miss Hastings?"

"It certainly does not, Lord Neverskeen."

"I've been looking and wondering what all those pipes are, coming out of the houses," said Mrs. Hastings.

"Those are a sort of ventilator to capture the north wind."

"Well, well, well."

"But, mother, see the glory of the setting sun. Look at the glint on the alabaster. See the silver tips of the minarets pointing to the sky. Ah, land of the past is this—land of the Sphinx, symbol of eternity."

Under this magic spell she stood until the first faint light of the moon peered upon the city, her eyes affixed to the drama of past centuries.

She roused herself and Lord Neverskeen beheld her.

"Sweet child of God," he thought, as the twilight hour spread its protecting folds about her.

"Oh, oh, what a dreadful noise. Oh my ears, my ears. I never shall hear again," and Lord Neverskeen's reverie was over.



The world as it is came back to him with a rush and he was beside Mrs. Hastings at once in her dilemma.

"I am very, very sorry for you, I should have realized the booming of the cannon would have startled you."

"Startled me! I am almost frightened to death. Let's go before another one goes off."

"There won't be another one, Mrs. Hastings. That one must have awakened the echoes of the Mokattam hills."

"Where are they? Lord—Lord—well—"

"Neverskeen, Mrs. Hastings."

Ruby smiled in her own bewitching way at the whole episode and soon the travellers were on their way to their floating home on the Nile.

"See, our travelling companions are already boarding the boat. I consider myself very fortunate in being able to bunch up such a delightful company of friends," and Angy, puffing from her exertion, steps on board the river craft, declaring to Ruby that "Lord Neverskeen had ushered them into a haven of rest for which she was very, very thankful."

"Mrs. Hastings, allow me," says Lord Neverskeen, "Lady Nerooski, these are our honored guests, Mrs. Hastings and her daughter, Miss Hastings of Montecito, California."

"How do you do, Lady—what did you say?" said Angy.



"Lady Nerooski, mother."

"We appreciate Lord Neverskeen's courtesy to us in having us of the party, Lady Nerooski."

"Here is a bunch of letters for you, Miss Hastings."

"Has Hiram written, Ruby? Oh dear me, do look. See if he says anything about pickled limes. I shall die."

"He says, mother, for us to make our plans to stay a year from the time we left America."

"Oh, Ruby! I can't stand it. I never can. I know I can't. It won't do, Ruby. That's just what makes separations in families. He's already getting indifferent."

"Oh, mother, mother. Let me read."

"I don't care. I don't care what he says. That's what it will end with," and Ruby read:

"'Now you are over there, Angy, don't think of coming back until Ruby is thoroughly rested and restored to perfect health. Of course they are very lonely at home without you and I miss you, Angy, more than I dare say.'"

"I feel better, Ruby. Oh dear, I don't feel a bit tired now. I've heard from Hiram."

"Here's a letter from Jack Templeton, mother. One from Eva and Claude and Mrs. Croby. One from Mrs. Montgomery and Mr. Walton, Paul Stacy, Suky, Aunt Rebecca and everybody, I guess. I shall have to save them to read in the morning."



## XXVII

**N**EXT morning found them in the best of spirits. It is near sailing time. The two turbaned pilots are at the wheel. The reïs is standing in the bow of the boat, his watch in hand. The nilometer registers plenty of water for a start.

“What can we be waiting for?” says Angy.

The whistle commences to blow and keeps on blowing.

“My ears! Oh, my ears, Ruby. What is the matter? What can be the trouble?”

“Dr. McCrady and Rev. Dr. Fantoskin are among the missing,” said Lord Neverskeen, coming up. “They are whistling to call them,” and after fifteen minutes of bedlum, a dragoman was left to take them to the railway station. The boat started without them, tying up to a post at the nearest point to the first railway station to await the delinquents, who would then have a two-mile donkey ride to reach the boat.

The mosques and minarets of Cairo faded away and a new life was before our travellers—a panorama of ancient and modern Egypt. The clouds were soft and like those of a New England landscape.



Angy stood motionless gazing at the retreating Pyramids, those wonderful tombs of marvellous engineering skill that for thousands of years have stood as enduring monuments to a people whose works will still continue to live after them down through the ages.

"Mother, dear," called Ruby, "come here and sit down with me. I'm afraid you will get too tired. These deck chairs are very comfortable. Try this one."

Every now and then they passed a typical Egyptian village of low houses constructed of a substance which looked like the hardened mud of the river bank.

A few palms scattered through the little settlement formed the only shade. The water carriers attracted Angy.

"What are they doing, Ruby, with those poles and bags that when they are lifted up seem so round and full and when they come back are so limp."

"Those are weights at the top of the poles, mother, to help the fellâhîn lift their buckets up to the trough above, and so on in the same way until the water is raised high enough for irrigation purposes. These queer kinds of devices are called shâdûfs and represent the quaint means of carrying water from the Nile."



## XXVIII

**T**HE second afternoon the El-Khedevie anchored in mid-stream and they heard the call of the boatmen and the splashing of the water as the agile men waded to and from shore with baskets of coal, which they dumped in the row boats to bring to the steamer.

Every cloud had disappeared from the sky.

From four o'clock tea until first dinner call at seven it was ideally beautiful.

The palm trees were more graceful, the view up river seemed to expand as the twilight hours drew near, and as the prow of their good ship parted the waters on her outward trip south, it seemed to Ruby that they were going backward into a world so old that they would almost find themselves at the beginning of history.

As the sun sent its slant rays across the river just before it dropped behind the western horizon, the nearly full moon was already high in the heavens.

Her silvery light mingled with the magnificent after-glow of the sunset shed a halo over all that no human words can picture. They watched the colors deepen. Just back of a low sand colored cliff on the



east, the sky was an indescribable blue which blended into violet.

Then to the south and west the little boat sails stood out clear against the orange and gold.

The coloring softened until the river lay before and around them with its wonderful reflections, like a surface of glimmering silver.

Just after passing Bîbeh the boatman drew up to the river bank where they were to be sheltered for the night. With huge wooden mallets they drove the wooden stake into the sand of the river bank, threw a rope over each at the bow and stern and they were anchored for the night. The tall palms stood as sentinels along the shore, the stars glimmered, and the Queen of the Night guarded the ancient water way while all on board slept.

Just before sunrise they again started on their way, but the most shallow part of the river was before them, and it was a question how long they would be in passing.

There was a fleet of felûka laden with sugar-cane, grain, etc., directly in the channel.

The dragoman sent for the captain of the port and the process of clearing the channel began.

The water was so shallow that the dusky sailors would leap into the river and with their magnificent human strength, take the anchor up and carry it to a point of vantage, then their mates with the long boat hooks would run along the outer sides of these queer water craft, with their winged sails and push



the boat around. Perhaps the bronze figures of various hues would unite their physical strength by bending their backs under the sides of a boat to assist their fellows with boat hooks above, to push a boat out of our way.

While the hours were passing by this delay, a dhahabîyeh passed up river with Old Glory at the mast head.

Our national emblem never looked more beautiful.

“Oh Ruby, what a homesick sight. The stars and stripes, how pretty they look. How nice it would be if Hiram was only along, then we could stay on forever, journeying from place to place in one of those floating palaces.”



## XXIX

**A**T Minyeh, while coaling, a dragoman and two of the trusty boat crew went ashore with some of the party.

Mrs. Hastings busied herself buying stamps at the post office, then they went to the sugar factory.

There were car-loads of the purplish cane outside. The process of securing the molasses and sugar seemed simple. The cane goes in on a sort of movable sidewalk. The juice is squeezed out and runs off into a tank while the pulp is wheeled away on another movable sidewalk up grade to be dumped into cars, for fuel. They saw the vats where the liquid was boiled.

"Twenty-five hundred men work day and night," said the dragoman. "Twelve hundred bags a day are ready for shipment."

"Oh Ruby, if I could send a bag to Hiram. Don't you think it would be possible?" said she, turning to the dragoman.

"It would cost more than it is all worth, Mrs. Hastings."

"I don't mind that," said she, her eyes sparkling. "Wouldn't Hiram be pleased, Ruby?"



Angy stepped lightly on to the El-Khedevie after her novel venture and sure enough one special package went its way addressed to "Hiram Hastings, Montecito, California," weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds.

"You had better rest now, mother, for we go ashore again today at Beni-Hasan."

As they near the river bank where they take donkeys for Beni-Hasan, the shrill whistle of the approaching boat brings a mob of scrambling, yelling, howling natives down to the shore.

When at last the boat is tied, and the dragoman has made satisfactory arrangements with the sheik of the donkey-boys and two armed officers who go along order is brought out of chaos. The party still remained on the boat until the donkeys were saddled.

Shall we then look upon Mrs. Hastings preparing to take her first donkey ride?

"Donkey very good," said the native not understanding her fright.

"I don't want to go, Ruby. I shan't see anything but this donkey's ears if I do."

"Never mind, mother. All fear will leave you in a few minutes."

"Yankee doodle donkey," said the boy. "Donkey very good," and Angy laughed in spite of herself and they were off, one boy alongside of her and the other back of her urging forward the heavily laden beast.

All went well until the limestone cliff was all but



reached, when to Mrs. Hastings' discomfiture the animal stumbled and fell, Angy landing in a helpless heap a little to one side.

"Why did I come? Oh Lord, Lord."

"Take my hand, Mrs. Hastings. This is such a pity. There you are with no bones broken," said Lord Neverskeen comfortingly. "I will stay alongside you myself, going back."

"Oh, what a sight I must be. My hair—"

"Never mind, mother, try and forget."

"We shall have a little climb in sandy walking after leaving the donkeys, Mrs. Hastings. The tombs are cut in the limestone cliffs and they are now like chambers. The bodies were formerly buried below. The view from these cliff tombs is beautiful."

"Oh my breath, Ruby, but it's worth the climb, isn't it?"

After one long lingering look they started back down the steep, sandy slope, back to the donkeys, then again across the plain past the cemetery sacred to cats, reaching the river bank for the gloaming of the sunset.

The stately palms gave a fine background for the silvery river and gorgeous colors.

Lord Neverskeen, true to his promise to Mrs. Hastings, was always by her side pointing out something of interest at every turn.



### XXX

**T**HE next morning was spent writing home letters. In the afternoon the party met in the deck room enjoying the changes in river scenery, passing the bend in the river where the wind usually blows a gale and the sand piles itself up against the cliffs beyond.

The highest cliff on the east bank, being 800 feet high and eleven miles long, seemed to be of a limestone formation in horizontal layers, the openings in the rocks once having been tombs, mosques or perhaps a monastery.

Another sharp turn to the west, the high mud banks grow lower and lower and night finds the El-Khedevie tethered to the bank at Monfalût, arriving at Assiût about noon, this important native town of upper Egypt.

Ruby left with Lady Nerooski and four gentlemen of the party with their dragoman for the tombs on the side of the Libyan Range. They climbed up to the wolf catacombs, as Assiût was the town that worshipped the wolf. Up the steep path they went to the large mummy tombs cut out of the solid rock five thousand years ago.



The chambers were larger but not as interesting as at Beni-Hasan. They were up seven or eight hundred feet above the town and the beautiful view well paid them for their climb.

The broad valley of the Nile, now green with the grain crops, was spread out before them right up to the very base of the lime rock ridge.

Assiût with its dirt colored houses, with now and then other colors mixed in, lay at their feet at the end of the roadway they crossed, her mosques and minarets adding to the picturesque effect.

Away beyond was the great mountain of Upper Egypt, which, in the windings of the river, they passed the day before.

As they descended, they passed the graveyard with its domed tombs and took their donkeys back to town, where they joined the rest of the party at the Bazaar, a narrow street covered overhead, with the little shops on all sides. It was so fascinating. Mrs. Hastings made a ten-cent purchase.

Signor Itello and the Honorable Samuel Sorokan evidently wanted to dash into town in style so they shouted, "yaller, yaller," and away they went, Angy's donkey catching the inspiration and on went the cavalcade at a mad rush, Lord Neverskeen in full pursuit. Mrs. Hastings, none the worse for her venture, went with the rest to the Mission School at four o'clock.

As they approached the children were singing "Greenland's icy mountain."



They have bright interesting faces, dark hair and olive complexions of various hues, wearing loose garments and the fez.

The party visited the private classes in separate buildings, there being about seven hundred boys and girls, from eight to twenty, studying at the Mission. Then they went to the chapel for the service.

Back of the school was a beautiful garden of palms.

A cow was patiently turning the water wheel to draw up the water for irrigation.

"Poor dumb animal," sighed Angy as she looked upon the blindfolded creature patiently trudging round and round until night should gain for her her release.

"That canvas canopy over her head was humane," said Angy on her way back, "but what a primitive custom. Oh Ruby, I'm a sight. Just look at the dust on my clothes, but I'm glad I have seen all I have."

The silvery sheen of the night played its legends on the heart, and the pitch pipe of thought was wrested from their minds as sleep, the sweet messenger of life, wrapped the soft folds of oblivion about them with the ringing notes of a magician growing fainter and fainter until darkness played the patrol of honor about its glorious hosts.

Monday was a restful day. The party visited among themselves and in passing noted the little



villages along the east bank with the usual low angular houses and palms.

The buffalo cows were driven down into the water and were contentedly chewing their cud.

Farther on grey herons were strutting around on the low sand level and as the evening shadows wrapped themselves about our travellers they anchored at Sohâg and were interested in watching the water carriers.

There were three or four piles of rocks just a few feet from shore. The men, with bared legs, stood in the water and with a skin dipper filled the goat skin water bags, tied them up and put them on donkeys backs and they clambered up the steep bank. Women filled their heavy earthen jars and with the assistance of a sister carrier adjusted their burdens on their heads and glided away into the dusk.

"Oh Ruby, what strange, strange things are happening every day. I wonder if I couldn't balance one of those bottles on my head."



## XXXI

**I** don't advise you ladies to go to Abydos," said Lord Neverskeen. "It is already late in the day to start on this long donkey ride of seventeen miles. The path is jagged and uneven at first, then long stretches on the highway there is only a donkey or camel path, then I am sure it would be after night fall before we could be on our boat again. I have already taken the trip and will be only too glad to remain here with you."

"Oh dear me, Lord Neverskeen, I am so disappointed."

"Be seated, ladies, and let me tell you about it, as soon as the rest of the party are off. The pious Egyptian wished nothing more than to have his remains buried at ancient Abydos, for here tradition says was the grave of Osiris, the chief god of Abydos. His wife, Isis, and son, Horus, appear with him in the well preserved carvings and paintings found on the walls of the Temple. The splendid temple of Sethos I. was cleared from drifting sands in 1859. The pillars in the hypostyle halls are large and massive. There were formally seven sanctuaries dedicated to different gods. The reliefs dating from the reign of Sethos I. are considered to be among the finest Egyptian sculpture of any age. The coloring is



brilliant even now after having been placed there over 3,000 years ago. The Temple was completed by Rameses II, the Alexander the Great of his time. He appears often in the mural paintings. The hieroglyphics are wonderfully well preserved. We are to thank Marietta Bey for the bringing to light of this marvellous ruin. The Gallery of the Kings in the south wing is of very great importance as there on the wall is inscribed a correct list of rulers from Menes, the first king of Egypt, down to Sethos. This list has a great historical importance as it assists in fixing the order of succession of Egyptian kings. The Temple of Rameses II is near by and is also dedicated to Osiris. Although now in ruins everything gives evidence of the pains Rameses II took to make this an enduring monument of great beauty. The costly material of red and black granite, sandstone, limestone, and alabaster, were used in its construction. The mural decorations in delicate low relief were very beautiful. The reliefs, 'en creux' thus called, are cut out instead of raised."

"Oh! dear me, Lord Neverskeen, how can you do it? I tried to remember one special sentence to tell Hiram to let him see how my memory is improving. Now let me tell it over to you, Lord Neverskeen. At a place called Osis," she began, "was the grave of Abydos. His wife, Horus, appears with him in the carvings."

Lord Neverskeen smiled genially and Angy pleased over her supposed triumph started out again.



"The coloring is brilliant even now after having been placed there over three hundred years ago." Her most gracious host smiled deeper and catching her breath, Mrs Hastings jumped hastily to her next and final remarks in one grand climax.

"The Temple of Marietta Bey is one vast ruin."

"Don't tax yourself any more, Mrs. Hastings, over what I have said."

"But won't Hiram be pleased to find what travel has done for me?"

"Certainly he will, Mrs. Hastings. "Won't your daughter favor us with a song. Mr. Walton tells me she has a fine voice."

"Ruby, do sing," says Angy. "Sing the 'Angels Serenade' or 'Way Down on the Swanney River,' Hiram likes that," and Ruby seated herself at the piano.

Lord Neverskeen sat motionless. The clear, sweet notes of the singer entranced him.

Hark! the music is caught on shore. The cavalcade of donkeys is approaching nearer and nearer as the twilight deepens.

Ruby next sings "Home, Sweet, Home."

Lord Neverskeen passes his hand across his eyes unseen but as the last verse is ended, Angy breaks down entirely with a terrible wail of anguish.

"Oh dear me. I never can—I never can stay away from Hiram. Oh dear, oh dear."

"Mrs. Hastings, let me get you some Apollinaris water," and Ruby, not appearing to notice began



singing, "God, Save the Queen." Lord Neverskeen striking in with Ruby, his clear tenor voice blending with hers and when the party boarded the El-Khedevie, they shouted as with one voice.

"Bravo! bravo! Don't stop. Let's all sing 'America,' " said Dr. McCrady as the last ringing notes of salute died away in the gathering gloom and the very echoes caught the glad notes of freedom's call and can we say what a contrast for the poor fellâhîn toiling from sun to sun in the ignorance of labor.

"Miss Hastings, sit down now, I am afraid I asked too much. You look pale from your exertions. I did not realize you had such a voice. I thank you."

With the faint glimmer of fading day the party tired and weary retired for the night to awake next morning refreshed and eager for the day's pleasure.



## XXXII

I 'M going to write a nice long letter to Hiram tomorrow Ruby," and let us read over her shoulder as she writes.

"My dear Hiram:—Ruby sang 'Home, Sweet Home' last night to Lord Neverskeen. I felt so bad that I cried. It brought it all back to me. How far I was from you, dear, and Pansy, Rebecca and Suky. I was trying to make the best of the long separation. You will be pleased to know how much information I am gleaning as I rub up against educated people. Even Lord Neverskeen has seen how my memory is coming back. It won't interest you any what facts I am going to write only in the realization of my great advance in culture. The Temple of Marietta Bey lays in ruins at Abydos and Horus is a wonderful Prophet, son of Alexander, the Great, and Rameses V was the first great ruler of Egypt I believe. If I have got this last wrong, don't ever tell and there won't anybody ever know. Lord Neverskeen is tremendously interested in Ruby, I can see. He saved me from a fall at Assiût. I hope you will get the sugar all right, Hiram. Of course it's a long way to send it but it won't be half as sweet as you are, dear, but it shows very well my



good intentions; just the same as if you said you wanted to pass me some pickled limes with your own hands. When I get home I will tell you more in detail about what I have seen and you can see better how I have changed. Don't tell Rebecca Ann. Let it be a surprise to her. I think we leave sometime tomorrow for Palestine or Philæ, I can't just remember. Do you think we better go to Paris before we go to Greece, or try Switzerland? Write in your next letter. Ruby says tell Dad she is improving and will write soon, so good-by, dear Hiram, and be sure and let me know when you get the bag of sugar and how it tastes. With lots and lots of kisses from your loving and affectionate Angy."

As the letter was finished they passed under the bridge at Nag' Hamâdeh which is only opened twice a day.

Many sharp turns in the river kept the party on the alert and constantly expecting something in this land so, so old, and again, as the night's shadows descended, the good boat anchored seven or eight miles from Kenah under the shadow of the dum palms.

Bright and early the following morning, before the sun was too high, we heard Lord Neverskeen say, "Now, Mrs. Hastings, our dragoman insists that every lady in the party must go ashore, as it is only a half hour ride over a flat country to Dendera. The donkeys are fine here," and so it was a few min-



utes later Mrs. Hastings and Ruby joined the rest of the party. Lord Neverskeen remembering Mrs. Hastings' mishap at Beni-Hasan, did not leave her side, for Ruby was so worried lest her mother fall again.

Lord Neverskeen explained that the temple here was dedicated to Hathor and her husband Horus, Horus being the son of Isis and Osiris.

On entering, they found themselves in the Great Vestibule with twenty-four columns with four heads of Hathor at the top of each.

"This is the grandest temple we have visited as far as impressiveness of structure goes, but I don't think, Mrs. Hastings, that the carvings are as fine as at Abydos."

"Ruby, how I wish Hiram was here."

"We must write to Dad, and tell him all about it. Lady Nerooski is going to see where the jewels used to be kept. Do you think you are equal to going down the narrow stairway and crawl through the small opening to see the wonderful original bas-relief of Cleopatra, mother?"

"No, Ruby, I should lose my breath, but you go," so with lighted candle, Ruby left her mother for a few minutes and on the way out looked into the room only entered once a year by the king.

The New Year began in July when Cereus arose with the sun, Cereus being the holy star of Isis.

This temple was completed about the time of Christ's life, which is a modern structure in this land where centuries seem to count only as seconds.



It is, however, built over the site of a much older temple.

“Now, Mrs. Hastings, we must all go on to the roof and see the little room where the circular zodiac of the heavens, which was cut out and sent to Paris, was located. Then we will have a nice easy ride back to the boat.”



### XXXIII

**N**EXT we find our party in Luxor, they having taken the train from Keneh.

“Lord Neverskeen, Ruby tells me if we go across the river we must ride sixteen miles on donkeys. I never can do it and Ruby won’t leave me.”

“Allow me to plan for you, Mrs. Hastings. While the rest of the party are visiting the Tombs of the Kings on the other side of the river, we will, if it is your pleasure, take a drive to Karnak.”

“What is there?”

“Let me tell you something of the great temple of Karnak. One author says it is the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man. Its stone walls reveal to us the history of the Thebian kings from time of its foundation by Usertsen I (twenty-six or twenty-seven hundred years before Christ) until it reached the grandeur of an imperial edifice. At first a small sanctuary in the centre of a large temple, it increased in 2,500 years to a complete city of temples giving us an almost uninterrupted course of events and an interesting scale of measurements for the history of the whole of the New Egyptian Monarchy from its origin in



the Old Monarchy down to the decline under the Roman dominion. While the Egyptians aimed at utility and stability, they always sought to combine the ornamental and beautiful in their architecture. Their massive monuments were colored with undying hues, and polished like jewels. They drew their architectural designs largely from the vegetable world. Religion and surrounding nature were the principal sources of inspiration in the conception of temples. We can trace the developement and nature of their religious structures by acquainting ourselves with their mode of worship and the physical geography as the Egyptians regarded it. They believed that Heaven and Earth were both supported by pillars, so they carried the idea out in the architecture of their temples, by having columns to support the roofs of their temples. These were first fashioned from trunks of trees which at their festivals they ornamented with garlands of lotus buds, flowers, palm branches, papyrus plant and with wreaths. Later on when stone pillars took the place of the wooden columns the carved images in the solid stone replaced the real flowers and plants. The animal types were introduced, when religious sentiment invested objects with a sacred character. Now I am not going to tell you anything more, Mrs. Hastings, until we arrive at the Temple in the morning."

The following day there was a hazy atmosphere, which fortunately subdued the hot rays of the sun.



Quickly the spirited horses guided by their turbaned driver in flowing garments, brought the white canopied carriage with Lord Neverskeen, Mrs. Hastings and her daughter to the Avenue of the Sphinx, which was formerly bordered by a double row of sphinx, over 600 in number.

On a nearer approach to the temple, they were first impressed with the two enormous pylons, which are characteristic of Egyptian architecture. On the heavy cornice which surmounts this truncated pyramid is the sculptured symbol of a winged sun, or scarabæus, a beautiful emblem, to adopt Glidden's description of Providence overshadowing the land of the Nile.

After walking through this colossal gateway they enter an open court two hundred and seventy-five feet by three hundred and twenty-five feet with its double line of columns down the centre.

Lord Neverskeen now takes them to the wonderful Hypostyle Hall, the largest room ever constructed by the Egyptians, being three hundred and forty by one hundred and seventy feet.

The forest of columns which supported the roof, were the most massive ever used.

The twelve pillars forming the central avenue were seventy feet from the ground to the support of the architrave, eleven feet ten inches in diameter, and thirty-three feet in circumference.

At the right and left of the central avenue, were one hundred and twenty-two columns, thirty-three



feet lower than those in the central aisle. Thus a clearstory of stone-grated windows was erected between the flat roof, the lower and higher portions thus lighting the hall.

“Lord Neverskeen, who planned this *wonderful building?*” asked Ruby.

“The hall was built by Seti I, but some say the glory of conceiving the plan belongs to Rameses I. Let us sit down here and rest, then we will look at the bas-reliefs on the external north, and south walls, which open out from the hall. Egyptian sculpture seems to have reached its height here where the wars and triumphs are so vividly represented. The general construction of the temple is symmetrical, with the exception of a lateral wing constructed by Amenophis III. The gigantic monoliths and pylons of different dates, add to the dignity of the sacred edifice.

“If by the construction of this sacred pile, it was intended that the Egyptian should feel his own nothingness and be awed by the will and power of God he could not be impressed more than at Karnak.

“With consummate skill the beautiful law of curvature was used in the construction of this massive architectural wonder, the finest tools, and most enduring colors have given to us a noble legacy of people who spared not themselves, but built for future generations.

“Every temple was orinated, that is, set so at a certain time each day, the sun entered the western



portal and traversed the whole length of the temple until the wondrous light touched the sanctuary.

"I know you must be getting tired, so we will leave this temple, the largest ever erected in Egypt, it covering nearly twice the area of St. Peter's at Rome, and more than four times that of any now existing cathedrals of medieval times."

"This has been a red letter day for us," said Ruby.

"I have enjoyed it so much, I must write to Hiram and tell him how much you have done for us."

"I am only sorry, Mrs. Hastings, that the new hotel at Assouan is not completed, so you could go there, and to the island of Philæ, but I know it would be too hard for you both, especially as the Khamsîn is likely to blow soon."

"I never could stand that. When do we go back to Cairo?"

"After resting tomorrow, we will return by train in the afternoon, so as to arrive in the cool of the evening."

"Then I shall get another letter from Hiram."



## XXIV

I'M so glad to be back, Ruby, in Cairo. It seems like home here at the Grand Continental. I shall never forget how I saw Lord Neverskeen approaching the first time he came to call upon us. What a grand appearance he made. I like him, Ruby. I think your father would approve."

"Letters for Mrs. and Miss Hastings," said the servant and Angy jumped to her feet as quickly as she could in her excitement.

"Look at Hiram's first, Ruby. Who are the rest from?"

"Jack and—"

"Oh dear me. Another letter from Jack Templeton. What a persistent man he is. Don't give him any encouragement. I can't but see the difference between him and Lord Neverskeen. Mr. Templeton's ardent pursuit of course is very different from our new friend. He is more retiring—more gentlemanly—more thoughtful in the little things so necessary for the making of true happiness."

Ruby did not hear all. She was deep in thought over the ardent words that Jack penned. It ran thus:



"Ruby, I can't stand this long separation from you. It is breaking my heart. You are always in my thoughts. I cannot express my great regard for you in words. You only know how I have followed you across country and back and with one word from you now I would board the first and fastest liner that would span the space between us."

At this point she was interrupted by her mother's impatient call.

"Ruby, where's Hiram's letter?"

"Here it is, mother."

"Don't answer Mr Templeton's letters, Ruby. That's the only sure way of telling him you do not care for his attentions."

A servant at this untimely moment in the conversation passes in Lord Neverskeen's card.

"There, Ruby. He is the one for you."

Ruby left her mother breaking the seal of Hiram's letter to see her not unwelcome visitor.

"Oh dear me. What can this mean? Who is the vixen? Oh, I shall die—I shall die," and she picked up the letter from the floor where she had flung it. "Hiram receiving letters saying I am false to him. Oh, I shall die—I shall die. Oh, those smelling salts, where are they?" and in her excitement she picked up a bottle of cologne through mistake. The stopper was loose and in a twinkling her whole dress was saturated with the liquid.

"Oh my soul and body. What have I done? What have I done? My dress is ruined. Oh



Hiram, oh Hiram! Why did he write me anything about it. Oh dear, oh dear. What a terrible thing. Oh my head—my head,—this awful scent. Oh my dress—my dress. Who could have made up such a dreadful lie. Poor Hiram! Poor Hiram! in a strange city away from home and dear ones receiving such a document as he says he has. What a damper on my trip to know Hiram has received such a shock. Oh dear, oh dear. He writes that they say they have proof positive that what they wrote was true.”

The letter dropped to the floor and Angy fell back on the couch in a faint and it was in this posture Ruby found her mother. She smelt the odor as she entered. She saw the discarded letter and bent hastily over the prostrate form. Her mother seemed to be breathing regularly and she snatched the letter from the floor and read hastily with consternation on her face.

“Poor mother. Who has written such dreadful things about her? The letter was anonymous. Of course father must know that. But who wrote it? What could have been the motive of the one that penned it? Poor Dad! Poor Dad.” She spoke aloud and Angy, turning restlessly, opened her eyes and beheld Ruby in her perplexed posture, the letter open in her hands.

“Oh Ruby, Ruby. What does it mean? What can it mean?”

She sat upright on the couch. Her eyes were wild and glassy.



"Oh, mother, dear. Calm yourself," and she knelt at her feet. "Father don't believe a word of it. You know Dad better than that. It would have been better if he had kept it to himself, but of course he was too full of its contents for that."

"What can be the person's motive who wrote it, Ruby?"

"That we don't know, mother, but if we never speak of it no one but the writer, ourselves and Dad will know of it. The composer of it is the only one hurt by it. Let me read Aunt Rebecca's letter, mother. She always has a lot of wholesome news," and the seal was broken.

"What did Lord Neverskeen have to say, Ruby?"

"He came to ask us to take the trip to the Pyramids this afternoon. I told him we would be delighted to go. He will call at four o'clock."

"Oh, Ruby. What would he say if he knew of this?"

"Don't worry, mother, it will come out all right. You know yourself you are all right and Dad knows it. The jealous one that penned it is going to feel the worst. You just let me read Aunt Rebecca's epistle and you will feel better.

"Dear absent ones,—'I don't know how to begin. I never was so worked up in my life over anything as I was this morning when I got a funny letter written by an unknown hand decrying our Angy's character.' "



“Oh Ruby, Ruby, what shall I do? It is all over Montecito by this time.”

“Mother let me finish. ‘Hiram sent me a letter saying he had received a like got up contrivance. Now I don’t write this to worry either of you but for fear others might hear it and you in some way might get hold of it I thought I should make a clean breast of the whole dirty business. Mark you both, it is an anonymous affair got up by some jealous enemy, perhaps by some one that has heard of Ruby’s good fortune. Tell Angenette not to worry or think about it but go on as if nothing had been written and so forget it.

Yours in haste,

Rebecca Ann.

P. S. Suky is down town this morning and does not know anything about the affair.—R. A.’ ”

Ruby to please her mother pens a note to Mr. Templeton that afternoon which we shall see the result from in future writing.



## XXXV

**A**ND shall we start with the trio in imagination as the afternoon is waning? The day has been an ideal one. The carriage is at the door and Lord Neverskeen helps his guests to their seats and the journey is begun. All swelldom seems to be abroad with the running sais going on before.

Mrs. Hastings becomes very much interested as they cross the bridge over the Nile in the many and varied scenes and journeying along through the line of shading lebbek trees she forgets her trouble and once again wears the happy smile that Lord Neverskeen seems so to admire.

"I am going to have you try a camel ride, Mrs. Hastings, for a short distance to the Pyramids later."

"Well there," says Angy. "How could I be afraid with you along. Oh, what will Hiram say when he finds out how smart I am getting," and her face fairly beamed with the thought of it all.

"Oh, Lord Neverskeen, I never can keep on this camel I shall be off! I shall be off!"

"Mrs. Hastings, I assure you, you shall be per-



fectly safe while I am near. Your daughter trusts me. The Arabs know their business."

"Oh, Lord—Lord—what is that?"

"That's the Sphinx that has guarded the desert since time was.

"Oh what a vacant stare! and yet what a gaze. Oh dear me, why don't she look the other way."

And Lord Neverskeen in spite of himself smiled and looked afar off into the sands of the desert, that unconquerable waste, home of the Nomads and gazelle, land of the mirage and camel train.

"I have the secret of thy heart!"

"Oh, dear," he heard as he was suddenly roused from his reveries. "Oh dear, I can't stand it!"

"Why, Mrs. Hastings, what can I do for you?"

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Take me away do, Lord—Lord Neverskeen, before those great boulders come down to bury us all alive. Oh, dear. It's just such a place as we passed coming from California, crossing—what was it, Ruby? The heights of the War—something—what was it, Ruby?"

"Wahsatch Mountains, mother."

"Let's start back. Turn this animal around," and the Arab with a look of frenzy at the ungovernable lady, turned from the giant Pyramids and with a lunge the camel quickened its pace. It was a terrible moment for Mrs. Hastings.

"Take me off! Take me off. Oh dear, oh dear. Oh my hairpins, my breath, my head—my heart."

Lord Neverskeen coming up with Ruby ordered the speed slackened.



Mrs. Hastings, powerless to pick herself together, presented a grotesque appearance as she neared the Mena House Hotel.

Strapped as is the custom for such rides she could do nothing with her dishevelled hair.

Not only hairpins, but side combs had left their sorrowful trail far behind on the sand dunes in this desert land.

"I never shall take another ride like this, never," she said, as she finally was released from the saddle.

"It was very fortunate, Mrs. Hastings, that you did not release your grip from the straps or possibly you might have had something serious happen to you, when the camel took fright. As it is, you are not hurt."

"Yes, Lord Neverskeen, but all the sand of the desert could not persuade me to try another ride like that. I am satisfied."



## XXXVI

**A**ND this trip today is our last," sighed Mrs. Hastings.  
"We will have as enjoyable a day as possible," said Lord Neverskeen.  
"You want to look at rugs, more especially."

"Yes," and off went the trio.

"Oh, how pretty," cried Angy. "Don't you think Hiram would like one of these chains for his watch, Ruby?"

"These are bracelets."

"But they could be fixed into a chain. I want to get him one. It would look foreign."

The special chain in question was a string of Egyptian moonstones and was violet in color.

"Oh dear me, Ruby, I just thought that people might think he was in half mourning if I got violet. I will take the turquoise blue one—" and the decision was made so quickly that Ruby did not realize the change. She was picking up any number of cute remembrances for the children at Yanonalit, also an Egyptian buckle for Mrs. Croby and Lord Neverskeen was assisting her.



"Give me that stickpin with the wreath on it," said Angy, "and that card case. Oh dear me, the beast!" cried Mrs. Hastings, as a camel strode by dangerously near her. "Take me away from that camel, Lord Neverskeen! Oh, oh, oh, dear. He's gone. Oh! I was so frightened. I never shall forget that dreadful experience going to the Pyramids. Ruby, I want an expensive rug for Hiram. One of those silk ones. I don't mind paying \$100 for it."

"This one here is \$500," said Lord Neverskeen.

"Five hundred. Well, it's none too good for Hiram," and she took it, having it sent over to the office of the Cunard Steamship Co., by Lord Neverskeen's advice to await their coming later.

"What will Hiram say when he sees it. I don't want to stay any longer, Lord Neverskeen. I'm afraid there will be a letter from Hiram back at the hotel."

"You must be looking forward with pleasure for your trip through Palestine, Mrs. Hastings. You will be there for the Greek Easter. You will visit the Garden of Gethsemine and Mount of Olives and Mosque of Omar. To make your journey easy you should take a palanquin across the rough country."

"What's that, Lord Neverskeen?"

"It is a quaint way of being carried over the uneven paths. A sort of canopy-covered seat supported by two mules who hold up the tugs, one in front and another in the rear. A muleteer rides a



little donkey and leads the forward mule while another muleteer guides the other mule. It is the most comfortable possible way of going from place to place."

"Oh, dear, Lord Neverskeen, I never can. What if the mules should kick. Oh, Lord—Lord—if you were only going I shouldn't be afraid," and back to the hotel they journeyed, Angy's thoughts full of preparation she knew was to come and the wild haunting sensation that a proposed ride in a palanquin had aroused.

"Here's your letter, mother. Be seated, Lord Neverskeen, while we read. Mother, Dad wants us to come home sooner."

"Oh dear, oh dear. He's afraid there's some truth in the stories."

"Mother, dear, you forget."

"No, I haven't, Ruby. I know just how he must feel about it all."

"Just see what he writes, 'I want you to drop your Palestine trip. It will tax the strength of both of you too much. Instead I think, you better take the boat from Alexandria back to the continent, stopping quite a while in Venice and spending all your summer among the beautiful scenery in Switzerland and northern Europe.' "

"Oh, Ruby, stop—I can't breathe. How can I get my new clothes to keep Hiram with if I don't go to Damascus where—"

"It is Paris and London where we get those,



mother. We will have ample time to purchase those in September and the early part of October."

"But it will take a long time for you to get your trousseau."

"Why, mother, I have no idea of getting one."

"But you must, Ruby. You will never get such a good chance again, never!"

Lord Neverskeen looked grave and he still sat silent during the recital of the rest of the letter as Ruby read.

" 'I want you to leave the Continent so you may be in Boston by the first of December.' "

"You must let Dr. McCrady know of the change in our plans, Ruby. Oh, Lord Neverskeen, what can we do without you? We never can find our way. Never—never. Oh dear, oh dear."

"I shall let you hear from me, Mrs. Hastings, from time to time."

"Oh what shall I do? What shall I do?" and the time came for their departure. The train was already snorting at the station and Mrs. Hastings was inconsolable.

"I'm going way over to the boat with you," said Lord Neverskeen.

"Give me the smelling salts, Ruby! I never can. I never can stand it."

"I will have a letter in waiting for you in Venice, Mrs. Hastings, telling you of my experiences in getting back to Cairo."

"Oh, dear! Oh dear me! We never can forget



your great kindness to us here, Lord Neverskeen, and when you come back to visit us I hope we can make you feel the same as I do."

"Mrs. Hastings, I thank you. It will be the greatest pleasure in my life, I assure you, to do so. I want you to say to Mr. Walton for me, that I have enjoyed every minute of your stay. Meeting, as we did through a mutual friend, it broke down all the barriers that are apt to come with a first meeting."

"Oh dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Hastings, as she shook his hand in parting on the boat.

"Ruby, the smelling salts—" and they looked upon Lord Neverskeen waving his hat to them from the open boat which would take him back to shore.

"Oh, dear. Let me be still, Ruby," she said at last as the retreating boat became as a speck on the watery highway.

"What did he say to you when he held your hand so long, Ruby?"

"Oh, mother, that would be telling," she said teasingly. "Lie right down and rest and think of what is coming to us next."



## XXXVII

**B**OOOO!" and Mrs. Hastings sobbed herself to sleep.

It was not until old Vesuvius was in sight that she seemed herself again.

"We want to go to Salerno and Amalphi. It will be a delightful change after you are rested from your long sea trip before we proceed on our journey."

"Can't we go tomorrow, Ruby?"

"If you think we can be up in time to drive to the station for the early train to Salerno?"

"Yes, Ruby, I feel I will if I retire early."

The clouds rolled back and an ideal day dawned for our travellers. An exceedingly beautiful panorama of sea, earth and sky was revealed to them.

Mrs. Hastings and Ruby enjoyed their twelve-mile drive from Salerno to Amalphi and were ready for lunch and after a short rest again took their carriage back to Salerno over the same splendid road built in 1852 curving in and out with the irregular coast line, sometimes descending to the sea as a little village is approached, then again rising until on a bold headland, the road having been cut from the mountain side.

The roadway is protected from the jagged rocks



below by a wall of tufa covered with stucco, which is most artistic. The watch towers, which were built to protect the bay from pirates, stand in their ruined beauty along the shore at intervals. The terraced vineyards way up the mountain side are marvellous. They were nearly all covered to protect them from the wind and the cold.

They were so luxuriant and showed the immense labor and time that it took to construct them.

As Salerno again came to view no words could picture the exquisite scene—the shimmering water of a pure sea green, again the violet hues and a celestial blue with more intense coloring over against the horizon line.

Then look down upon Salerno, then up to the ancient stronghold on the hill and still beyond to the snow-clad mountains whose glimmering whiteness melted away and mingled with the exquisite floating clouds above.

Never could one wish to forget that tender, delicate coloring as sea, sky and earth were illumined by the sloping rays of the afternoon sun.

Finally the long drive came to an end and they took the express train back to Naples, passing over the bridge above the town through one or two tunnels and finally into the farm district again.

What would an American think of a train that would wait twenty minutes at a time, then blow a horn, ring a bell and finally move slowly on.

The next day was a rest day for Mrs. Hastings



and Ruby with only a short visit to the shops, preparatory for their long train ride to Rome.

“Oh Ruby, how different it is to travel alone. Don’t try to see everything the way we did when Lord Neverskeen was with us. I don’t want to see everything in Rome, Ruby. I can’t stand it, I shall be sick and Hiram wouldn’t like to have you take the care.”

“Very well, mother, we will just see the principal things. We will drive to Pincio Hill and get a general view of the Eternal City where we can see the turbid waters of the Tiber, the famed seven hills of Rome, St. Peter’s, the Vatican, the city wall and the round castle of San Angelo.”

“Oh, don’t, Ruby, I can’t remember another thing. I can just say to Hiram that everything was so new that I couldn’t remember half nor quarter and it couldn’t be expected. I want to go to the Catacombs, Ruby, just to say I have been. Lord Neverskeen told me to be sure and go there.”

“Yes, mother, they are the burial places of the early Christians.”

And shall we really see Angy at the entrance of the Catacombs of St. Callistus, going down the flight of stairs slowly after leaving their carriage.

The Monk opens the door. They are furnished with tapers. Angy’s hands shake with fright as the door closed behind them.

“Oh Ruby, let me go back. What a dismal place. Let me get my breath. I can’t see anything. Oh



dear! dear! Why did I come? Why did I come?"

"Mother, see how the bodies are placed. We are in a corridor of tombs and this is one of the larger chambers, but this gives you a good idea."

"I have seen too much, Ruby. Take me back. This air stifles me. What will we see next? Don't go any farther," and she stopped. "I can't stand it."

The lights grew fainter and fainter. She grew dizzy—she was lost.

"Ruby! Ruby!" she had presence of mind to shout and then settled back in a helpless heap.

A scurry of feet, a flash of the tapers and there in the ghastly light was Angy.

"Mother, mother, I thought you were right behind us. Why did you stop."

"The smelling salts, Ruby. If I ever get out of this place alive, I never will try any thing more underground."

They helped her to her feet and the Monk assisted her back into the open air.

"Thank you, Monk," she said deliberately. "Don't you wish Rome was all dead and then you wouldn't have to die by inches in that hole? Oh dear, oh dear. Let us go to some quiet place, Ruby, away from uncommon sights and rest."

"Yes, mother, we will go on to Florence and then to Venice. I am sure you will like there. There are just a few places more we must go to—one is the Capitol Museum, where can be seen the Marble Fawn and the Dying Gladiator."



“Oh don’t, Ruby! If I must see it let’s drive right there from here. Oh, my soul and body, Ruby, what do they want to impersonate such mental suffering for, there is enough of it in real life. The smelling salts, Ruby!”

“Now for the Coliseum, mother.”

“Oh don’t, Ruby. Let me rest today. I can’t stand such excitement.”

Next we see them at the Rospigliosi Palace where they are viewing the Aurora.

Mrs. Hastings is sitting at a table looking into a glass in front of her.

There she sees the marvellous coloring of Guido Reni’s masterpiece—Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of the God of the Sun who is surrounded by the Horæ.

“Oh my breath, Ruby. It is all so real.” Then silence reigned for a minute and then Angy exclaimed excitedly: “Ruby! Ruby! Have Hiram get you a chariot like that and hitch Jupiter, Juno, Mary Ann and Kate into it and have you stand in the place of Apollo and let Lord Neverskeen be Aurora scattering flowers before you. We have plenty of roses and to spare. Oh, Ruby, that would be bringing some of the sights home to Hiram and make the memory of the unpleasant things in travel fade away like the mists of the morning. Never mind if you don’t have a torch bearer, wait until the day has really come and you can have just as much pleasure.”



Next their guide took them to the Coliseum.

"Here is where the Gladiators fought."

"Oh, Ruby, it makes me sick, I can't hear anybody speak of such things. Oh dear, oh dear! How much room is wasted in this part of the world with this old half tumbled down rubbish."

"Eighty-seven thousand people," continued the guide, "could be accommodated within this great amphitheatre. It was built in 80 A. D. and five thousand wild animals were killed the first one hundred days in the gladiatorial combats. Great exhibitions of naval contests took place. It was also the scene of Christian martyrdom."

"Oh dear, oh dear! my head, my head is stuffed to over-flowing with dates, figures and events. Don't say another word I can't stand it. I shan't live any time at all after I get home when the high tension is off if I allow my head to be stuffed so with what can be found any time in books."

"Mother, would you like to go to the Forum now?"

"What's that, Ruby?"

"Ruins," said the guide, monopolizing the conversation with one sweeping sentence. "It was once the great center of civilization, where the golden mile-stone stood from which all distances were measured on every road leading to the outskirts of this great land of the Caesars."

"Oh, Ruby! can't you stop that guide from running on so? It sounds all right but when you look



there's nothing but a wall here and a pillar there and a pedestal somewhere else and an arch in some out of the way place where you least expect to see it. That's all I can make out of what he says."

"Here was heard the voice of Cicero!" said the guide, oblivious of all demands for silence. "Here the famous laws were enacted while the site of Paris was yet a wilderness and England a play-ground for the savages."

Angy at this juncture put her fingers in her ears and looked like one in terrible agony.

"Oh Ruby, do stop him, I never can get a word in edgewise or any other way. I want to ask a question. What about Scipio? He has not touched upon him in his mad rush of English. Lord Nevers-keen told me to remember something in connection with him and be sure and see where he rested his hands on the stones."

Angy's breath was on the wane.

This, thought the guide, a good opportunity for him to recite the rest of his story and he began.

"Now let us go to the Appian Way which stretches to the south of Rome across the Campagna past the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. St. Paul came over this highway to the 'Eternal City.' This great thoroughfare was constructed 212 years before Christ."

"Oh what a pity to be tied to such a chatterer, but if this is to be the last great sight of the day perhaps I can stand it."

"Yes, mother, it will be."



"I shall remember this day as long as I draw breath. That chattering guide and the tumbled down trumpery will be stamped on my memory until I breathe my last. Oh Ruby, if Hiram could have conceived my misery he never would have advocated my coming, never, never, never. I must be getting stronger or sheer exhaustion would have excused me from this wilderness. I never as long as I live will ever talk down the simplicity of Yanonalit. Won't the plain foothills of my native town look good to me, set in clean uncluttered dirt. Oh Ruby, I guess they will. Piper John's store will be grander to me than anything I have yet looked upon."

The next day they visited St. Peter's with a guide.

"This," said he, "is the largest church in the world."

"Oh dear me, Ruby, what shall I do? Ruby, I never can get fitted to clothes in Paris if I feel so shrinking away like. I am losing flesh every minute —"

"Why, mother. What do you mean?"

"I feel so tiny in this place and yet as I take hold of my arm it has not grown any smaller."

"I feel tiny, too, mother. It is the vastness of this, the greatest sanctuary in the world that makes us both feel so. Let us go to the Vatican now, seeing the Swiss guards at the entrance. The Pope lives



here, mother. We will just take a glimpse into the Sistine Chapel and see some of the wonderful paintings by Michael Angelo."

"Very well, Ruby," and thus ended their days in Rome.



## XXXVIII

**A**S they left the Eternal City, they looked out over the plain with a long lingering look and the Dome of St. Peter's faded away in the distance and became a memory.

And the hours passed, with the history of a great past behind them and the treasure house of art before them in the City of Flowers.

"Mother, dear," said Ruby, after they had arrived in Florence we will take a drive about the city to get a general idea of it, if you are rested," and the next afternoon they were driven to Galileo's tower.

The day was perfect. The sky was clear, the air soft and balmy.

The Arno threaded its way through the city. The low lying hills and the Apennines could be seen.

The soft silvery green of the olive in contrast with the rich dark green of the fig and the cypress, with the villas nestled on the hillside, lend a happy effect.

Next they visited the Palazzo Vecchio where Savonarola said his last mass in the little chapel before he gave up his life in the square below.

From there they saw the Loggia de Lauzi, the



beautiful open vaulted hall with its sculptured treasures. They visited Pitti Gallery, the Uffizi, where they stood in the octagonal hall known as the Tribune which, as Hawthorne says, "is the richest room in all the world, a heart that draws all hearts to it."

"Oh Ruby, how I wish Hiram was here to see this wonderful place. If I could paint I would paint a portrait of you and instead of having it painted as some are painted I would have a wreath of roses on your head and have you dressed in flowing robes of royal purple. Wouldn't everybody look, Ruby, and then I could be famous with all the rest. Hiram will buy me some canvas and paints when I get home and I will try my skill. I can have the tower room turned into a studio just as well as not and Yanonalit would ring anew with the praise of its honored daughter."

"Well, mother, if you say so we will buy some of Fra Angelico's angels to take home."

They next took a glimpse of the Duomo with its encrusted surface of colored marbles and its beautiful colored windows lit up by an Italian sun, the Baptistry with its famous bronze doors and the world famous Campanile or Giotto's Tower, as it is sometimes called in honor of its great architect. We feel what a monument he left to his memory in this beautiful bell-tower, his masterpiece.

"Let us stop at this monastery," said the guide. They were conducted about by an old monk, with



long white beard, shaven head, and dressed in a white robe.

“What is he saying, Ruby?”

“He is speaking in Italian,” said their pilot, “and telling us of the different rooms and what popes occupied them and he tells us the well curb in the centre of this garden was designed by Michael Angelo.”

“Oh Ruby, why wouldn’t anything designed by such a noted man as he was be grand enough for us to have one like it. Ruby, I don’t want to stay to see any more here. Let us go on to Venice tomorrow.”

“Very well, mother.”



## XXXIX

**A**ND the Queen of the Adriatic came to view none too soon for Mrs. Hastings. The two miles of Viaduct seemed endless to Angy. She was thinking of the letters she knew she must get here from Hiram and Lord Neverskeen.

The porter from the Europa Hotel soon had them floating along the canal to their island home.

“Oh Ruby, I am charmed with this place. It seems like another world.”

“I’m so glad, mother, that you are pleased. It is an ideal spot. I feel that I could float on forever myself with the gentle Italian breezes caressing my cheeks.”

Night came and with it the moon with its enchanting spell. Ruby and her mother in a gondola were getting their first glimpse of the Piazza of St. Mark from the canal, The Doge’s Palace, the Campanile, the two Granite Columns all standing out clear in the moonlight. The fine band was playing so the music came floating over the water. They turned around and started up the canal, listening to the voices of the professional singers as the sweet notes were wafted over the limpid waters.



"We must not stay out too long this evening, mother, only just long enough to catch the delightful illusions of Venice for the moonlight mercifully conceals the ravages of time and the once famous palaces seem yet to possess all of their ancient glory as in the days gone by. Robert Browning died in the Rezzonico Palace in 1889 and Lord Byron lived in one of these palaces in 1818."

"Oh Ruby, what a beautiful night and how smoothly this gondola glides along. What are those posts for, Ruby?"

"They show, with their heraldic colors, the rank of their proprietors, mother."

"How do you know everything, Ruby? The guides seem so stupid to me. Ruby I want you to get me something to crochet while I am here. I ought to stint myself to do another centerpiece to match the one I finished the night of the musicale. Can't we charter one of these gondolas for all day and take our lunch with us after we get our belated letters and have it real homey."

"Yes, mother, anything you say. While we are here in Venice we want to visit the famous lace factories."

"Oh yes, Ruby. I want to get a scarf for Rebecca Ann and a dress for myself and one for you."

"Here we are, mother, back to the hotel. Shall we go out at ten in the morning?"

At the appointed time we find them with their bundle of letters seated comfortably in their gondola.



“Read Hiram’s letter first, Ruby.

“ ‘Dear Wifey.—I got a letter from Rebecca Ann last night telling me of the safe arrival of the bag of sugar. I’m so pleased to have it. Tell Ruby I predict that the sugar will play its part at her wedding.’ ”

“Ruby. Don’t read another word. What does Hiram mean? What can he mean? Oh, what a stir up a harmless bag of sugar has made. Did you say anything about Lord Neverskeen being a suitor, Ruby?”

“No, mother. Why should I?”

“Why shouldn’t you, Ruby? Oh, I shall die! The smelling salts, Ruby.”

“Let me finish, mother. Dad says for us to arrive in Switzerland the first of June.”

“June! Oh, my head, Ruby. I don’t want to leave here until June.”

“That’s all of Dad’s letter, excepting he says for us to have as good a time as we can every day. We are nearing the Rialto now, mother! Put down your crochet and let me tell you something of this famous bridge. It is well worth our long trip from California just to look upon this wonderful marble span. For 300 years it has connected the east and west portions of Venice. You must write Dad that here the first newspaper ever published in the world was bought from this bridge, and that here one is environed by the memories of Shylock, Othello and the Old Doges when Venice was at the height of her



glory, how the Queen of the Adriatic received homage both from the East and the West, how all these legends come back with one sweeping memory. Tomorrow we will see the Bridge of Sighs where—”

“I don’t want to hear any more about bridges of sighs or any other kind, Ruby. Let me hear Lord Neverskeen’s letter?”

“Yes, mother,” and Ruby read.

“ ‘Cairo, Egypt.—My dear Mrs. and Miss Hastings.—You have been much in my thoughts since you left Egypt and I have felt quite condemned that I did not return to the continent with you. I have the pleasantest memories of Venice and know what a restful place it will be for you with no sound of rumbling carriages, no clatter of hoofs. It is the very poetry of motion to float about the canals in the gondolas. I only wish I could be with you.’ ”

“How realistic he writes. How gifted he is with his pen. I had not missed the monotony of the poor dumb beasts.”

Mrs. Hastings laid her crochet down for a moment. She listened and sure enough naught but the splash of the oar from the gondolier kept up its even swish as ever and anon its music told.

“ ‘I have missed you both very much,’ ” read Ruby from the open page. “ ‘Seldom do short friendships take such a hold of me.’ ”

“Oh Ruby, don’t read another word. It brings it all back to me. How he held your hand in parting. How he made the echoes ring with his musical voice



when he sang 'My Country 'tis of thee,' and 'Home Sweet Home.' "

"Don't, mother."

"I can't help it! but don't tell Hiram I cried over Lord Neverskeen will you, for then he would have ground to sue for a divorce. It isn't over him. It is his letter, Ruby. He is like some revivalists. He makes you feel his power."

"Let me finish, mother. He says he may go to California this next winter for a long and extended trip in the Golden State."

"Oh, Ruby. I feel such a load has been lifted from my mind. Tomorrow I want you to begin getting your trousseau. We must stay all day at the lace factory and buy only the best. We can tell better what to get when we see what they have."

"That's all of Lord Neverskeen's letter, mother. Now, which shall I read next? Aunt Rebecca's or Eva's, or Suky's or which?"

"Read Rebecca's. Don't mind every word but just get the gist of the contents of each."

" 'Dear Angy and Ruby,—I sat up so late last night finishing a piece of sewing that I shall have to run off a short note to let you know how we are getting along. The sugar came by the Santa Barbara express. I paid the charges which were \$5.79 in all. Hiram telegraphed to have it put in a safe place until both of you were back. Suky says the carriage is at the door, so I close for now. Yours in haste. Rebecca Ann.' "



“Oh Ruby, Hiram must be planning something that we know nothing of. Do cable and find out or I shall die.”

“Let me read Suky’s letter to you. ‘Montecito, Cal.—Dear absent ones,—I hope while you are in Venice you will find something pretty to bring home to me. I am so lonesome with everybody away that I don’t know what to do with myself. When are you coming home?’ Poor, dear girl,” sighed Ruby. “We must buy her something handsome. I must write her this very day and cheer her up. She’s a poor unfortunate. It wouldn’t be possible for us to have her come over and spend the summer months with us in Switzerland, would it?”

“Oh Ruby, what next to keep me churning. That’s half what I came away for was to get away from her hawk-like visage.”

“Here’s dear Eva’s letter. ‘My dearest Ruby,—I count the days and weeks that must pass before I can see your sunny face again. Please give my dear love to your mother today and won’t you both think of me especially while in Venice for it has always been the hope of my life to spend a long time in that dream city under the blue Italian sky. I imagine you a poet, Ruby, with all your other charms.’ ”

“Oh, what a sweet girl Eva is, Ruby. I wish I could see her happily married. Can’t we make a match for her? I can see since I left California that which I never dreamed of seeing before. How the



angling and the conniving of mammas and fond fathers is done. Hiram and I never did act like they do now-a-days. Hiram liked me without anybody pointing out any virtues, didn't he, Ruby? When matches are made they don't give their young ladies pickled limes, Ruby. Oh, I am so thankful I had a great and noble suitor free from the vices and crimes that so often come in real life. Hiram has loved me just as much as he did in the days when we were both struggling together in Yanonalit."

None the worse for her restful trip on the Grand Canal, Mrs. Hastings rose next morning full of enthusiasm for the day's pleasures.

Crossing the Piazza San Marco they stepped quickly along until their destination was gained. Angy's eyes sparkled as piece after piece of beautiful lace was shown her.

"I want that Marguerite pattern for one dress, Ruby. Don't you think Hiram would like some curtains?"

"Yes, mother, but why don't you get a whole lace set for your room?"

"I want you to have two or three of those parasol covers, Ruby. Ar'n't they beautiful? Here is the rococo lace and duchess point. Supposing we take a piece of each. Rebecca Ann and Suky must have some lace scarfs for their heads and why wouldn't it be well to get each of them one of those overdress effects. Now for your dresses, Ruby. That is the most important to decide on. Oh, how beautiful,"



said Angy. "They are gorgeous. You had better get a half dozen."

"Mother, dear, we are not millionaires."

"Don't think of cost, Ruby. We may never get here again. Have them reckon up our bill."

"Twenty-five hundred lira, mother."

"How much is that in our money, Ruby?"

"About five hundred dollars."

"I want to get just one thing more. That is a tidy to put on Hiram's easy chair."

"Very well, mother, then we can go back to San Marco and from there go through the gateway, under the great clock tower and visit some of the stores on the Merceria. That is the principal street in Venice and it leads to the Rialto bridge."

"Oh, what a good time I am having, Ruby."

"We must get quite a number of these colored pictures of San Marco, mother. Here is one of the famous canvasses—St. Barbara and Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. We had better pick up these while we are here. Perhaps tomorrow we can see the original. St. Barbara is an altar piece in the St. Maria Formosa and Titian's is in the Academy on the Grand Canal. Here is Tintoretto's Paradise, that we can see in the Doge's Palace."

"I never can forget all I have seen, can I, Ruby."

"No, mother, if you are not too tired I would like to examine the coral necklaces, the Venetian pins, mosaics and glass. I want to get Evelyn one of the handsomest necklaces I can select."



“That dainty pink one shaded out to white I think you better decide on. You must have one or more yourself, Ruby. I don’t think Hiram would like the looks of me any better if I should buy any number of them, because I never did toggle up to get him and I won’t have to begin now to keep him. I wouldn’t get too much of this filigree silver. It will tarnish easy, Ruby. We shall want to buy more when we get to Geneva.”

The day came to an end. They lingered for a last farwell look upon the Piazza of San Marco, watching the pigeons being fed, a custom that has prevailed for five hundred years.

“Ruby, we must have some pet pigeons when we get home.”



## XL

**B**Y jove, Jack Templeton, here's an answer back from Ruby! She must have written right away and the letter been spirited on to a fast steamer to boot! Ah! this is luck," and he stripped off the end of the envelope, with a sweeping twist of his dexterous fingers, took his cigar from his mouth, blew the curling smoke from his lips, and settled back into his reclining chair with long drawn breath of satisfaction, put his feet on to the writing table before him, and snatched the letter from its cover, unfolded and commenced reading aloud. " 'Dear Mr. Templeton'—It should have been, 'My dearest Jack!' " He grew excited. He jumped to his feet! He read aloud, then abstractedly thrust out his hand for his half burned cigar.

"What does this mean! I—hang it all. By gracious me! It shall never be! She will marry me!" and he pulled and puffed at his cigar vigorously. "Some dude must have stepped into the arena, and dazzled her!" He thrust his hand through his hair, and stared for a moment vacantly at the lines before him.

"Templeton—" he said at last, "it's all over with



you. Hie yourself west, east, south, or north. Which shall it be?" and his forehead knotted, and his hands trembled with the depth of his emotions.

"This is a terrible blow for a fellow. I will leave for parts unknown! No one shall know my whereabouts. No, Beatrice *shall not,—cannot—win me.* She shall *see at last*, that I *do not want her* and will not have her. I will become a lone wanderer on the face of the earth. I will vanish so effectually that no trace of me can be found."

His cigar, as if to taunt him, accidentally fell to the floor, and he with hasty preparation flew out of the house down the path to the station, and boarded an express leaving no clew of his whereabouts.

Mrs. Stacy passed the whole affair off as not an unusual happening, and thought nothing of it.



## XLI

**W**EEKS and months pass, and no Jack. Where is he?  
Just follow the scribe along the crowded thoroughfare, along a certain street in New York. Look closely, scan the faces, one by one, as they pass!

Glance at the steps of Hotel Astor, I thought I saw a familiar face. He turns, puts his cigar between his teeth, and trips lightly down the steps into the street. He heads for a certain banking house. We hesitate as he slows up his pace, and reads the name, "Leopold, Gerard Co. Stocks and Bonds."

He enters and curiosity leads us on after him.

"Good morning," was the gracious salute to our friend, Jack Templeton. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"How is Reading this morning?"

"Good! Going right up."

"Well, give me a thousand shares, at the market price. I will inform you later when to sell."

"Well, my fine fellow, you are in luck. You have cleared ten thousand dollars at one sweep, in your other venture."



“By jove, that’s luck indeed!”

Mr. Gerard, the junior partner of the famous firm smiled, cheerfully upon Jack, his clear eyes and fine complexion becoming well defined as he struck an attitude before him.

“Mr. Templeton,” said the genial Mr. Gerard, “let me prophecy that before a year, if you keep on with luck at this pace, you will be able to buy me out, Mr. Leopold and perhaps a corner of Wall Street to boot. Invite me to your castle, young man, even if I am but an humble page!” The two laughed heartily, Jack deciding in his own mind that Raymund Gerard was one of the cleverest all around fellows he ever saw, one everybody must learn to love and admire.

Men and women alike would catch the warmth of this grand young man.

“I’m lucky in everything but love, Mr. Gerard. Sit down here and let me pour my woes into your ears.”

“Mr. Templeton, who may I ask is the fair young woman that spurns such a fellow as you.”

“Her name is Hastings, Ruby is her first name. To begin with she’s the handsomest girl that ever was born. Her eyes are like sparkling jewels, set to a face of dazzling beauty. Her hair is like waves of golden sunshine, making a halo to an ethereal face, that invites the saints to worship at its shrine.”

“Oh! Mr. Templeton, what part of the world do you find such altars to torture the hearts of all



mankind. I'm a bachelor you know! Say, boy, where does she live."

"In Montecito, California! I know you will not betray my confidence, your heart is too full of kindness."

"I believe you could make a butterfly sweep around and about over your head, and finally light like an overjoyed winged champion, at your feet."

"Ah me!" sighed Jack, "I've followed her across country and back, and then she went to Europe with her mother for her health. Her last letter was received some weeks ago, and but for that letter, Mr. Gerard, you might never have met me. I became a wanderer away from home and friends journeying aimlessly about in utter despair. I could see nothing in life for me, but at last I conquered myself. I am a positive, wilful, ardent person, Mr. Gerard. I just made up my mind to become such a bright and shining light that no other would eclipse mine and here I am."

"Yes, I see," says Mr. Gerard, "bounding along like a rocket, the flare of whose magnificence will end in a radiant comet generating praise and tribute from every hand."

"Her father is rich and she has become heir to an immense fortune from her uncle, who lived in the Northwest. He died in Seattle!"

"I want to know! That's an enterprising place, I can tell you, I was there not long ago."

"Mr. Gerard, Mr. Vanderlip wishes to talk to you."



"Well, well, old boy," he said to Jack rising, "keep to your laurels," and after a hearty handshake, Jack was off for his club.

Mr. Hastings is still in Seattle, at the Rainier Hotel. His arduous task seems to hold him there a long time.

He has kept very close to business, not mixing into any sociabilities of any kind. His face is a good deal care worn, as he sits at table sipping his coffee.

A stranger has been shown to the seat opposite him. A young man, say twenty-eight or thirty, Mr. Hastings thought, as he glanced over his glasses an instant from his morning paper.

A sort of longing came over him to talk to somebody that was a stranger to his troubles and perplexities, so he lay down his paper, mechanically, and glanced again at the stranger before him. This time their eyes met.

"Fine morning," said the new comer genially.

"Yes! it is that," said Mr. Hastings.

"This is a very delightful city to be stopping in," said the young man, "a great many things of interest for a tourist."

"I don't know much about the city, although I have been here several weeks," said Mr. Hastings. "I'm here on business."

"That's my mission. I have mining interests and real estate ventures that brings me here, and my reason for booming Seattle, sir, you can plainly see."



"The location is grand without exaggeration," said Mr. Hastings. "I wouldn't mind picking up some lots that are going to advance in price. Where is your land, Mr. ———."

"Here's my card, sir!"

"And here is mine," said Hiram, taking his of San Francisco make out of his pocketbook.

"Ah, ha," say we, "Mr. Hastings face to face with Raymund Gerard, of New York."

"I have an appointment at ten o'clock," said Mr. Hastings, "but tomorrow, if it will be agreeable, I would like to see some of that land."

Raymund Gerard smiled. Mr. Hastings took to the stranger, we could see.

"All right, say one o'clock in the lobby."

"Satisfactory," says Hiram, and off he went.

"Nice old man!" says Raymund, soliloquizing. "Very sorrowful looking, and who can wonder, away from home, without friends. I will try and cheer him up a bit while I am here. I'll take him to see, 'Way Down East.' I believe that's here now. I am due back in New York, let me see," and he consulted his memorandum. "Yes, that will give me day after tomorrow here. Time enough to run over to Bellingham, Everett or Victoria, either one."

One o'clock the following day arrived—the appointed time for meeting Mr. Hastings and the genial, rather corpulent personage of Raymund Gerard, on the tick of one, appeared with a large roll of something under his arm.



"Great day this, Mr. Hastings. Shall we go to the water front first? There's a valuable piece of property down there, in my estimation. I want your opinion, Mr. Hastings, I'm one of the lucky men so far. Everything I buy doubles on me, whether it is a happen or not. There's another piece in the vicinity equally as good. These are the plans, this cumbersome bundle, I have," and off they went, and were on the spot after looking this way and that across the Sound, then again to Mt. Rainier off to the south and then at the property in question they halted. "This city has a tremendous storage capacity, Mr. Hastings."

"Yes, I see it has."

"It has a big export and import business, and controls the Alaskan trade," continued Mr. Gerard. "What do you think? I will close my deal today."

"You are a rusher, young man," said Hiram genially, "you give me the fever, I generally think and consider until I sometimes think myself sick. You go at things off hand, and say you never fail. Your judgment must be good. Mr. Gerard, I believe I will decide on this piece of property," says Hiram. "It pays ten per cent net, and the whole,—let—me—see, you said it could be bought for fifty thousand."

"That's it! Mine is somewhere, I don't remember the exact figures, sixty or sixty-five thousand dollars, I think. I want to close mine in this afternoon, and then my time will be free to show you something of the place."



"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Hastings. "How about the title?" "O. K. Seamore out here, is the best title lawyer this side of the state; he's looked them both up. Supposing if you really think serious about the deal, that we take a carriage up to Attorney Bates' office."

"Oh yes! yes! I've had considerable many dealings with him already, he's first class."

"I bank here, *this* building," says Gerard, pointing as they pass.

"I wish you could meet my daughter," said Hiram off hand. His whole manner seemed changing.

"Your daughter," says Raymund, his face lighting up.

"She's a great favorite with all the young people, everybody likes her, for that matter. I am so lonely without her and my wife; she was never away from me so long since I married her in the seventies. You see Ruby studied so hard and went so much in society that before we were aware of it, she all of a sudden was taken sick, and the doctor advised this long sea trip. They will be away until the first of the year. Sometime when you are in California, after I am through with my business here, hunt me up at our home in Montecito."

"I surely will, Mr. Hastings, run in on you sometime."



## XLII

**T**HE days and weeks passed swiftly by, Mrs. Hastings and Ruby finding something new each day to take up their time.

"We will have to leave tomorrow for Milan, mother."

"I am so sorry, Ruby. But after all, every day brings us nearer home," and when the train halted at the station, Mrs. Hastings was in good spirits, looking about her at the new and varied scenes.

"Do you feel equal to climbing to the top of the Cathedral here? It has 2,000 statues and is built of white marble and the Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world."

From the roof could be seen the red tiled roofs of the buildings below, then looking across the plains of Lombardy, the snow clad mountains of Switzerland loomed up in the distance.

"Oh Ruby, what a big place. I want to count the pillars on the inside when I get down. My breath has not fairly come back yet. Oh, dear, but when it does just think of the things I have to tell Hiram about by the fireside when I get home."

Their guide next took them to the suppressed



monastery of Sta. Maria delle Grazie where they saw the Last Supper executed by Leonardo da Vinci.

“Oh, Ruby, how resigned Christ looks when he says, ‘One of you shall betray me.’ How startled all the other people look on the canvas. How real it all is! Do you suppose I shall be able to impersonate life like he has when I become a great painter, Ruby? The secret of everything is to present life in a realistic way whether you are a writer, a poet, or sculptor. That is the right word, isn’t it?”

“Yes, mother.”

“If you were to put me on canvas,” continued Angy, “I should be immortalized say with my crochet work the way I looked in the gondola on the Grand Canal.”



## XLIII

Oh fair Geneva,  
Where the crystal-watered Rhone  
Threads its course of beauty,  
Whose sapphire lake  
Shelters Rousseau's enchanted Isle,  
Whose vista grand  
Points to the hoary crags  
Of God's great handiwork.  
Oh let the pilgrims sing  
From every haunt in Switzerland,  
The Great Redeemer's praise.

"What a beautiful spot, Ruby! I want to get a watch to take the place of the one that Hiram gave me that I smashed at Ogden. Don't you think it would be possible for me to match it here, Ruby?"

"Let us go and see, mother."

Mrs. Hastings gazed at the beautiful jewelry before her.

"Oh Ruby, this is fairyland. I want everything I see. I want the handsomest mosaic pin that can be bought for you, Ruby. Just see these enamelled watch chains and this watch, with the whole case set in precious stones, rubys, diamonds and sapphires.



I want to give it to you for your next Christmas present."

"Do you realize what such a watch must cost?

"Never mind, Ruby, it is to be yours," and before Ruby could express her delight her mother asked the clerk if he had any old fashioned watches.

"Not one, madam."

"Oh dear, Ruby! Money can't replace Hiram's watch here. Oh dear, oh dear. How would it be for me to get a perfectly plain case and have my monogram put on the case? Oh Ruby, you tell Hiram it was an accident, won't you? You see I wan't so used to travel then as I am now, but how I do cling to the gifts Hiram gave me in our courting days."

"This is a very pretty one and the works are fine. I would decide upon it."

"Do you suppose Hiram would like one. His is very old. It must be most worn out. How I wish I had waited and not got his chain until I got here. Can't I give the moonstone bracelet to Delia instead of having it made into a chain."

"If you like."

"Oh! Ruby, how happy I am with not one thing to mar my pleasure! Sometimes I think will it always last?"

"Don't worry, mother. You say I must have this beautiful jewelled watch and this enamelled chain and the mosiac pin. How beautiful! How thoughtful you are for me, mother. Let me buy your watch and Dad's for Christmas. May I?"



"Yes, Ruby," was the faint response, "I want to get Hiram a scarf pin."

"Very well, then we must drive back for dinner."

"What beautiful coloring in Lake Geneva, Ruby, isn't it? Do you suppose I could put that exquisite tint on canvas? Is it right for me to enjoy so much?"

"Why not, mother. An enthusiastic traveller should be in great demand. There are very few that are looking for the beautiful. It is always some petty discomfiture that takes up the time and attention of most people. Perhaps we may have some letters awaiting us."

"Can't I write Hiram about his new watch, Ruby," but the carriage had stopped before their hotel and sure enough a handful of letters was passed to them.

"Mother, here's a letter in an unknown handwriting for you. Will you break the seal?"

"Oh, dear me, Ruby. Who can it be from? You see where the post mark is, Ruby. Oh, dear. How my head aches. Oh my nerves, my nerves. I can't, Ruby. There's no use. It's upset me entirely. You take it," and Ruby broke the seal, passed her eyes over the opening lines and then turned to the signature at the end. Her face was scarlet.

"Why, mother dear. This letter was not meant for you."

"Not meant for me! It has been resent. Where from?"



"From Montecito."

"Of course it is mine then. Read it, Ruby. I can't stand the suspense any longer."

"But really, mother. I rather not."

"Rather not. Then let me read it. Oh, how I wish Lord Neverskeen was here to read it for me."

"Well, mother, if you insist of course I will, but remember there is some mistake," and she began:

" 'Santa Barbara, California, May 14, 1899. Dear Mrs. Hastings,—It is with the deepest sympathy I write this note to you. I have just returned from an extended trip and have just learned of your husbands' death.' "

"Oh Ruby, stop. The smelling salts. Oh dear, and I away from him."

"Oh, mother, mother, there's no truth in it. It's all a mistake."

"Oh dear. Let me have another whiff of those smelling salts."

"There, now, calm yourself, mother, while I continue."

"Dear Hiram!"

" 'I have always admired and esteemed you, Mrs. Hastings and in this hour of deepest misery for you—' "

"Oh, Ruby, another whiff of those smelling salts. I shall die, I shall die. Go on, Ruby."

" 'In this hour of deepest misery for you, let me offer you consolation.' "

"Consolation," cried Angy. "Who wrote it, Ruby? Who's the man that dares, whether it be true or not to tamper so with my feelings—"



“ ‘—in offering you my hand and heart.’ ”

“Merciful Father,” cried Angy, jumping to her feet in her excited state. “The hypocrite! The hypocrite! Whether it be true or not in his mind. The beast! The beast!” and Ruby continued, thinking it best to finish the document as quickly as possible:

“ ‘I am a lonely widower just the same as you are a lonely widow.’ ”

“Oh dear, oh dear, Ruby.”

“ ‘Answer me at once and tell me yes and I shall be the happiest man’—”

“Stop, Ruby. I can’t hear another syllable. Oh my head, my head.”

—“ ‘in the whole world. Address me, “dearest Albert” when you begin the reply so’s to relieve me from the great shock of a might-be refusal which I know you wouldn’t have the heart or inclination to pen. Yours affectionately, Albert Hanscome.’ ”

“Oh Ruby,” came the faint, inarticulate words. “Give me water—water. I can’t breathe. I can’t think. I—” and Angy sank back thoroughly exhausted upon the couch.

“Oh, mother, mother, there is some mix up somewhere. Somebody has misinformed Commodore Hanscome about Dad. Don’t worry. Let me go down to the cable office and send a message to Dad to make sure he is all right.”

“Oh dear, oh dear. I never shall live to see Hiram again! Such terrible shocks as I keep having



are sure to bring on heart failure and, Ruby, come here, dear—if I do go sudden tell Hiram I always have been true to him, and I always want him to bring home pickled limes just the same as ever and put them on my dressing case just the same as if I was alive. Oh, give me the smelling salts, Ruby. I believe I am going now. Oh! Oh! Hold my head, Ruby. I feel a little better but I had a narrow escape. Don't ever let Hiram know that letter came. Will you promise?"

"Never, never, if you so desire but we ought to find out somehow why it was sent.

"Here's a letter in Dad's handwriting now dated—let me see—May 21. Let me read. 'I have just received a letter from Rebecca Ann saying Commodore Hanscome is home from his long trip around the world.' This letter explains it all. I won't have to cable to Dad. You see Dad was away and the Commodore had been misinformed. Here's a letter from Rebecca Ann. 'Dear Ruby,—I heard Commodore Hanscome having a practical joke played on him in the Santa Barbara post office, the other day. For fear it should materialize, I will insert what I heard. R. Ann. "Hello, old boy. You just home, I take it, from your extended trip. Still a widower, with no attraction in sight." "You're right, Stevens." "That's too bad. I feel in the mood of helping you out. Why don't you strike for Hastings' widow. There's lots of money there and nothing in the way but a pretty daughter which



some young man will lay claim to before many moons." "Do you mean to say she is a widow, Stevens? Well, I just guess I'll profit by your suggestions," said the somewhat superannuated gentleman. "Where can I reach her. I suppose she's still in Montecito." "No, she and her daughter were so broken up that they have gone abroad for a year to get over their sorrow." "I see," says the elderly man. "Any letters sent to her home address would be forwarded." "That's it, Commodore. Now go ahead. You've no time to lose. You might as well be the lucky one and she will have much to gain." "Oh thank you, thank you, Mr. Stevens." "Ha! ha! ha! what a trap I've set for the poor innocent. Oh what a mess I've made for all concerned."



## XLIV

**A**RRIVING at Cluse, Mrs. Hastings and Ruby left their train and took a diligence at one o'clock in the afternoon for Chamounix.

The air was invigorating and a drive of three hours through the valley brought them to the foot hills.

There the five horses slackened their pace.

The happy company feared nothing for there was the accustomed guard along.

The rushing Arve sang a joyous salute.

The flora, with rosy petals from the roadside bade us tarry 'neath the King of the Alps, whose hoary head invites the admiration of every beholder, whose icy crests and grand old crags like monumental beacons await at sunset the coming of the dawn.

Chamounix was reached.

"What a restful place this is, Ruby. Not a sound to disturb this mountain quiet. No danger, is there, of these mountains sliding down upon us, Ruby."

"Not in the least, mother."

At that instant a deafening jarring sound rent the air.



"Oh Ruby, Ruby. We will be swallowed up. We must flee for our lives! Take my satchel, Ruby. Never mind clothes," and Angy, with one frantic, frenzied move, gained the door and would have plunged out into the open, down the stone steps had Ruby not restrained her. "Mother, mother, that was the roar of the cannon, a customary signal of the safe return of travellers from Mt. Blanc. Here is where we can have the novel adventure of going on to a glacier."

"Oh, if I ever get home alive I will be satisfied if I never see another thing. Oh, my nerves. I feel as if the whole of the mountain must have slid down onto the town and we were the only ones left alive. You look, Ruby. If the mountains are really there I will uncover my eyes."

"Yes, mother, they are."

"What a merciful providence to think we are spared."

"The town is just as we saw it a few moments ago."

"What a deliverance."

"Let us think, mother, of something else. We must go on to the Glacier de Boysant."

"Oh, what can there be left for excitement if we should ever take another trip. Everything I try that's new I think it must be the last. What a big world and what a conglomerate mass of ice, dirt and rubbish to call wonders after all when you sit down quiet to think after you forget what the



guides have told you about the different places. I suppose the strip of ice is the same one that lured on the tourists in the first days of this travelling mania that has seized hold of everybody that could get money enough together to go. But I am curious, Ruby. How do we get to it?"

"We have to ride to the glacier on trusty mules and take along strong guides and then with our mountain sticks to steady us and stocking feet drawn over our boots we will be quite safe."

"If I thought I wouldn't fall I believe I would try it, just to be able to tell Hiram of another triumph."

"It is a four-hour trip and will mean fatigue at best."

"But I must go. Let me try it tomorrow before I lose my courage!"

"Don't let me fall, guide, sir. If I had realized what it was like I would not have ventured."

"Step very cautiously, madam."

"Oh, I am so dizzy. Don't let me fall into that crevasse! I feel as if the ice was sliding down and out from under me."

"It is, mother, only it is so slowly accomplishing it."

"Don't say another word, Ruby. Let me go back before I slide with the ice beyond a landing. Oh, dear."

In turning Angy grabbed for the guide's arm and missed it.



She turned three times in a circle, then finally with her alpine stalk pointing to the topmost crag of Mt. Blanc, she gained her upright position.

"Oh, Ruby, the smelling salts. If I ever can get off of this floating ice-boat I never will be persuaded to go over any more water until we leave for home."

"See, mother, the mules are in sight. Just a few moments more and then we can begin the descent.

"I can't, I can't ride back, Ruby. I don't care for any more experiences. I shall be off."

"It is just because you were so frightened on the glacier, mother," but she was so tired that she really had to mount the mule.

"Oh!—oh!—oh! if I only could look up at something, Ruby, instead of always having the sensation of sliding off over the beast's ears."

"Look off into space. The guide will see no harm comes to you."

Not a murmur came from her lips. The descent back to the road was made in safety and when the hotel was reached she told Ruby she wished there was something else she could accomplish, "for after all, crossing a glacier wasn't as bad and Hiram would pronounce her one of the bravest women that ever stepped foot on Swiss soil. I want to carry that alpine stalk home, Ruby, and have it gilded and wound with the Swiss and French flags and put in a conspicuous place in my studio."

And with the towering peaks mirrored in her mind, Mrs. Hastings quietly slept that night that



refreshing sleep that would make the next glorious triumph but a ripple on the sea of life.

As their eyes turned from the grand old mountains, Mrs. Hastings, no doubt, was dreaming of the weeks that were to be spent in Paris shopping.



## XLV

**N**EVER mind my clothes, Ruby, until yours are all finished. We have plenty of leisure. I want to order one of the handsomest outfits that can be made for my daughter."

"Wedding outfits?"

"Yes," answered Angy not glancing at Ruby.

"White liberty satin is the correct form for the bridal dress. The train should be four yards long and if you do not mind expense I should introduce a vine of orange blossoms around the corsage done in gold and silver thread, also around the train in a larger pattern. It will cost you one thousand dollars."

"Does that include the lace garnishing?" asked Angy joyously.

"Everything, madam. Now the travelling dress I shall make in the soft tones of brown. A tailored jacket and skirt and the hat, to be correct, should be a snug turban with an effective ornament. Her reception gown will be also in brown decorated with gold thread and a vine of roses to one side of the gracefully draped skirt. A quilling of the soft pink shall border the overdress, also the rounded



neck and sleeves. I would suggest for calling a blue mirror velvet, the skirt absolutely plain, a narrow edge of ermine around at the throat of the outer garment. This costume requires a large picture hat of blue velvet edged with ermine, a mass of rose pink plumes to one side."

"Oh Ruby, won't you look grand! I bought some beautiful over laces in Venice. Can you do something with those?"

"Bring them in, Mrs. Hastings. Let me drape one over pink satin, another over turquoise blue and one over the softest brown with an introduction of bead work that will be very effective."

Ruby smiled through her mother's whole episode and after telling the madam she would not order the bridal dress today, asked her to suggest the correct dress for her mother.

"A moire brocade princess with court train."

"Oh Ruby, I never can, I know I can't wear a train. I should get all wound up in it. I know I should."

"Let it be perfectly plain, Mrs. Hastings, your diamonds glimmering through the thin lace of the neck. Your hair should be done high with a single jewelled ornament perched high on the coiffure."

"Oh Ruby, I can't afford a necklace. Couldn't I have a plainer necklace and save a little that way. Hiram never liked me to wear such things or I might have had them long ago," she said, by way of explanation to the madam.



"Dad would gladly give you a necklace if he thought it would make you any happier."

"Hiram is one of the best men I ever saw—if Lord Neverskeen only proves as good."

"Please mother, don't."

"Well, I should be careful, but if these people should tell all they hear they wouldn't get any business, Ruby. I want a plain travelling dress and loose wrap to wear home to let Hiram see how much I have changed in looks."

"Mother, dear, you never will look any different to Dad from the day he first met you in Yanonalit."

"Oh dear me, Ruby. Isn't it fortunate I married one of those kind of men. I should be grieved to death if I had to keep all the time trying to please him and never succeed."

"Paris is a beautiful city, Mrs. Hastings. I know you will be in love with it," said the madam, as she bowed out her patrons, after giving Mrs. Hastings a card of appointment for a fitting.

"Let's go to Complet," said Mrs. Hastings, seeing a coach so marked. "Sir, please stop that bus for us. Oh dear. I can't breathe. I have hurried so."

"I—I—I am—am very—very sorry, madam," said the stranger, smiling. "That, bus is, is, is, not—not going there—there. Er—ma-madam! It—it is—is f-f-full."

"Full of what," cried Mrs. Hastings.

"P-p-people," said the stuttering man.



“Er—er—er—t-this—there—there—that—one h-h-has—g-g-gone, m-m-madam. I—am—v-v-very—s-sorry—to—to—to—d-d-detain — you — so — so — long!”

“Thank you,” said Ruby, and the man passed on his way.

“I don’t believe I ever can get used to Paris.”



## XLVI

**I** like this plain effect very much," said Mrs. Hastings viewing herself satisfactorily in the glass. "Now I want to say a few words to you in privacy, madam. I want you to go right ahead with my daughter's bridal dress not letting her know anything about it. Of course from the other fittings which you do for her you can make that perfect without any trying on. I will be responsible for the bill. You see Ruby is not engaged, and it seems a little previous to be having a betrothal gown made, but I have some one picked out for her and he is coming to see us as soon as we get home and then there will be something in it, because I am willing, he is willing and Hiram will be pleased if I am pleased. Can't you send it in such a way that she won't know?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hastings, I will send it in your name. You will have to pay duty on it!"

"I don't mind that, Hiram is well to do. Of course once I couldn't say that, but now he is the richest man in Montecito and is very prosperous. He is in Seattle now looking after some money that is coming to Ruby mostly. I get, if I haven't forgotten, about ten thousand dollars. Don't speak




of it to anybody will you, madam. The young man's name is Lord Neverskeen."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Hastings, the name is very familiar, I have just made two dresses for his mother."

"Don't let her know what I said will you, for it might break up the match and I like him better than anybody that has yet tried to win my daughter's hand. There's some one by the name of Templeton that wants to marry her but I don't like him so well as this one."

"Have your daughter come for her fittings day after tomorrow at ten o'clock."

 Mrs. Hastings, proud of her achievements to surprise Ruby, felt in fine spirits, as she drove back to her hotel.

Ruby, in her mother's absence, read over again Jack Templeton's letter thinking how best to answer it.

"Dear Ruby—It's no use having it your way, Ruby. I can never be reconciled to your last letter sent me from Cairo. I have added a snug fortune to the one I already had when I first saw you. I am in dead earnest about you, and am willing to suffer almost torture to get you, if I can't win you any other way. Your eyes are like sparkling jewels, that dazzle a fellow and prone him at your feet. Your heart is full of kindness, pity and sympathy for the whole world. Now show compassion on me and once more consider the happiness that you could bestow on me with just one word. I cannot face the



world without you. I dare not think what might befall me, if I should attempt it. Forgive me, Miss Ruby, if I offend you in thrusting myself again into your life, and believe me, your faithful friend, Jack."

"Dear Mr. Templeton—Your note of September 10 is just received. I have read it over and over. I cannot for one moment think that you are not sincere. I have the greatest respect for you. I thank you for your ardent pursuit for my heart and hand. Friendship, Mr. Templeton, is the binding sheath that ties the sweet tendons of life together. Without friendships, life would lose the grip. Now Mr. Templeton this is what I feel must exist between us, as much as I know your regard is for me. I leave you free to sue for the hand of some fair girl, whom I feel sure you will find. I wish you prosperity, health and all that can possibly come to you that is for your good. Your sincere friend, Ruby Hastings."

"My dress is lovely, Ruby," cried Mrs. Hastings, as she entered their room just as the seal to the fated letter was affixed. "Another letter to Evelyn, I suppose," and the incident was passed in the rehearsal of the beauties of her new gown.

"Oh Ruby, I can't realize that we are to start for home so soon. Where have these last weeks flown? I want a sail on the Thames and be sure and see the royal horses before we leave London, anyway."

"You must be sure to see 'Big Ben.'"

"Whose special horse is he, Ruby?"



"That's the bell in the tower of the House of Parliament, mother."

"Oh, dear me, Ruby. What a mistake. Supposing I had made such a slip when Lord Nevers-keen was with us. But how merciful Providence is. I want to finish my shopping this afternoon, Ruby. We must buy some trunks, etc."

Regent street was lined with carriages. Mrs. Hastings loved the bustle and stir at every hand.

"Oh Ruby, what would Judy Stark think to walk into another world like I have. She would be lost while she was turning the first corner. Before I start out tomorrow, Ruby, I want you to write a card where we are stopping for me to have in case of accident."

"Very well, mother, I will," and when she turned toward her she was nowhere to be seen. She called a policeman, gave her mother's name and a description of her to him and told him she would remain where she was until he came back.

Mrs. Hastings, becoming dazed, had started off directly away from Ruby thinking she would catch up with her in a minute, but when no Ruby could be seen, she began to cry.

"Oh, I am lost. What shall I do? What can I do?"

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" said a stranger coming up.

"Oh, dear, sir. I am lost. I can't find Ruby."

"Where are you stopping, madam?"



"I am not stopping anywhere, sir. We are travellers."

"I see," said the stranger. "You are tourists in London just for the day."

"Oh, no, sir. We have to stay another fortnight, for Hiram's raincoat to be finished. He's the best man."

"I see," says the stranger, calling to an officer who was near.

"This lady has lost her daughter. Can you help me find her for her?"

"Your name?"

"Angy Hastings."

"Your residence?"

"I can't remember. Ruby always takes all the care from me. It's just a step from where I lost her, from here. Hiram would die if he should see me lost. What can I do? What shall I do if I don't find her."

"Don't cry," said a brother officer, running up. "Come with me and all will be well."

"Do you mean officer that I am found. That London can't swallow me and that Ruby in this great town has been bright enough to find me? What would Lord Neverskeen say if— Don't hurry so, policeman. I am troubled with heart disease, lack of breath and too much flesh."

Ruby from her vantage saw her distracted mother approaching on the arm of the officer and ran with open arms to meet her.



She took a sovereign from her purse and gave it to the officer.

Angy broke down entirely when she saw her darling coming.

"Oh dear, oh dear. The smelling salts, Ruby, the smelling salts. I got all turned around and then the officer said I turned the wrong way, then the right way and then I didn't know where I came from or where I was lost or—"

"Never mind, mother, don't think anything more about it, for it's all over. Will you be so kind as to call a carriage, officer," and the jubilant policeman did so with alacrity and helped Mrs. Hastings with the greatest concern into the hansom.

"Let us go to Westminster Abbey in the morning and St. Margaret's Church, if you are not too tired."

"Ruby, I am not in any one place long enough to know where I am. That's why I got lost. If I should go astray in Westminster Abbey and should never be found, my ashes would mingle with those of the great. But don't let me become great that way, will you, Ruby? If you promise I will go. Let me hold your hand and see what I can in safety."

"Many Kings and Queens are buried in this English Partheon. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots now have their tombs under the same roof. The Poet's Corner is the Mecca for all travellers. Then, mother, we will see the old Coronation chair in which all English sovereigns have been crowned since Edward I."



Memory's bower in magic way  
Paints new pictures day by day  
It steals from the heart its treasures dear  
And the vintage of the past is clear.



## XLVII

**H**ERE we are in Liverpool, mother.”  
Before their rooms had been assigned to them, Ruby was passed a document, or at least a large envelope with seal and wax affixed, to keep its contents unmistakably behind the closed bars of the seal.

Mrs. Hastings grew excited, reasoning to herself that something must have happened to her Hiram, as there was no letter, nothing in fact, but what seemed to her a very mysterious happening, as she could in no way glean from Ruby its contents.

“Oh, Ruby!” she cried, “what can be the matter with Hiram. Is that something for you to sign? You don’t look worried—”

“No, mother, I am not worried. It is about something of which at this time I must not speak.”

“Then it’s about your uncle’s will. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There is never any trouble in families till the money question comes up. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Let me see the outside of it when we get to our rooms.”

“Yes, mother, if you wish,” and she discovered the post mark, “Boston.”

“Oh, Ruby! Who can there be in Boston who would send you such a missive.”



"I am very sorry, mother, but don't worry, or think anything more about it. It is all right."

"Oh, dear me, Ruby! Hiram never kept a thing from me in his whole life, never! never! never! You always was a good girl to tell me things! I never, in all your eighteen years, knew you to deliberately and meaningly shut me out from your confidence before. Let me look at the hand-writing just once more! I can't tell whether it's a man's hand or not. Oh, dear me, I am more puzzled than ever. The 'R' looks like a lady's hand and the Hastings looks like a man's writing. Oh, my head is all going round and round and round. Oh, what a pity when one word from you would straighten my mind all out about the whole affair and now perhaps I may never know. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Ruby!"

"Dad will send you a letter, I'm sure, so you will receive it in a day or so, mother. It's all right! that's all I can say. I am anxious to hear from Evelyn. I do hope I shall not be disappointed. I have received a great many letters already, mother, and am never satisfied unless I receive more."

"Eva is a very straightforward, proud, well-meaning girl. I don't believe you could persuade her to keep any secret from her mother."

"Evelyn is beautiful," was Ruby's quiet reply. "I think more and more of her, every letter I get from her,—and my replies, mother,—I am afraid if you could spoil her by flattery, or praise, that it would have been done, long, long ago. She seems



so genuine. Her eyes are so kind and true. I want to write to her, this very day, mother, a good, long letter. You will have a care free time for a week at the London and Northwestern hotel before sailing. If you feel able we might go out to the old town of Chester."

"What a lot of things you have to get collected together, Ruby. I will stay right here while you tend to things and rest. Have the state-room the best on the liner, Ruby."

"I engaged it by wire from London, mother. It is a deck stateroom."

The ocean journey was over without incident until the customs officials were encountered in Boston.

All went well until the trunk marked "Mrs. Hastings" was arrived at for inspection.

"Where is the key, mother?"

"I told the Madam to keep it because—"

"Your key," says the customs official.

"I don't know where it is, sir. Can't I speak to you separate from Ruby? It is her wedding dress and I don't want it touched. I will pay anything you say only don't let her know what's in the trunk."

"I am very sorry, madam, but it would be impossible to waive the rules."

"I can't get it open."

"The lock will have to be broken then. I am very sorry, but I, as an officer, have to be very strict."



"What have you in that trunk, mother? I thought I knew of every piece of baggage that either of us had."

"It's something for you. I can't have it touched and he says he shall have to break the lock. I haven't the key. I didn't take it."

"Didn't take it, mother!"

Soon a hammer, chisel and other implements appeared.

"Oh, the smelling salts. They'll ruin it. Oh, if Lord Neverskeen was only here, but he couldn't see what the trunk contained, Ruby. Oh, don't, don't officer. Ruby, you look the other way," she cried as the instrument of torture to Angy tore away the fastening with a wicked creaking sound. "Oh I shall die! Don't look, Ruby," and the soft folds of the magnificent robe were revealed.

After the trunk was carefully inspected the dress was restored to its former folds of tissue paper. Five hundred dollars was charged to Mrs. Hastings which she paid without a murmur.

"How shall the trunk be fastened, Ruby? You can look now."

"I will send for two leather straps, madam," said the customs officer. "I'm very sorry to have put your mother to so much misery."

"I can stand it if you don't disclose what you saw in the trunk, if you promise that it can be made secure with the straps, for it is going way to California."



The mischief was finally repaired and Mrs. Hastings was put into a carriage by Ruby to be driven to her friend's house, Ruby going direct to Evelyn Nutting's, where the days passed all too quickly for them both.



## XLVIII

**D**ON'T forget the thirtieth of January, Evelyn," Ruby called laughingly to her from the steps as the train pulled out. "No, Ruby," and when the train got under way Mrs. Hastings and Ruby settled themselves in their drawing-room for their long journey across country.

The trip seemed short as they were rushed along on the Golden State Limited and before Mrs. Hastings realized Santa Barbara loomed up before her.

Hiram greeted her with open arms as he did Ruby, and the span of time which had separated them was woven together.

"Oh, Hiram!" cried Angy, "I never will leave you again, never, never, never! I have had a grand time, and if I hadn't gone Ruby never would have met Lord Neverskeen. Oh Hiram, he is coming to visit us all this winter and I hope you will approve."

"Angy, we will find some one for Ruby. If one does not prove the proper suitor, another one will. Don't worry."

"Oh Hiram, I do feel so relieved from responsibility. Ruby is going over to Yanonalit tomorrow and after that she will stay at home. Don't you think she looks better?"



"Yes, Angy, I do, and you have changed wonderfully. Your dress is very becoming, your bonnet and your wrap."

"Oh dear me, Hiram, it is not my dress or bonnet or me, it's just the long separation that's blotted out all my faults."

"You never did have any, Angy," he said smiling on her. "I've got some pickled limes up at the house."

"I have something for you in our trunks, but Ruby told me to keep it a secret until Christmas."

"Rebecca Ann and Suky are busy getting ready for you. I left the order over to Yanonalit for the usual spread for the town's people, Ruby, to save you all I could. I got a tremendous tree and had it sent to Mrs. Croby's for you to decorate with gifts, which I knew you would be sure to have for the youngsters."

"How thoughtful of you, Dad! I am very grateful for I am so tired."

"I want to begin to take painting lessons, Hiram of some noted teacher after I am rested."

"Painting lessons Angy? I don't understand!"

"Oh Hiram! I have picked up so much since I have been away. Ruby said I could have St. Barbara's Angels (I guess that's right), hung in the tower room which is to be my studio."

"Oh, Angy! you know so much. I shall hesitate next time I give my consent to your going away, where you can become so much more cultivated than I. We shall have nothing in common if I do."



Christmas came. Hiram handed Angy a small package. She took it, looked it all over and then broke the seal.

Opening it she asked Ruby to read. Angy's eyes filled with tears as she listened.

It was the deed to a hundred thousand dollar property located in Seattle, Washington.

"Oh, oh, oh, Hiram. I haven't anything for you only a lace set from Venice for your room and—oh, Hiram. Give me the smelling salts, Rebecca Ann. Do show it, Ruby."

"You forgot this rug, mother."

"Oh, yes. Do bring it out. It's only a very small token, Hiram. I paid five hundred dollars for it."

He started to name the price over after her but he stopped and looked admiringly at the beautiful rug before him.

"Get Rebecca Ann's and Suky's dresses and tortoise shell combs, Ruby. Where's Pansy's collar? She must have that and Delia's bracelet, Peter's whip and the blankets for the horses," and 'mid the floral decorations a joyous Christmas indeed was passed, Angy saying over and over again that "her Hiram was the best man that ever lived. I never will leave Hiram again."



## XLIX

**M**OTHER, dear! I'm destined to be a tramp!"

"Oh, Ruby! what do you mean!"

"Evelyn is engaged to Mr. Graham Morris of Milwaukee!"

"Oh, I am so pleased, Ruby!"

The day is set for the wedding, March 30, but this is only for our own ears. Evelyn has asked me to be her maid of honor."

"Hiram! Hiram!" called Angy, "Evelyn Nutting is to be married the thirtieth of March and Ruby is to be her maid of honor."

"Well, well, Ruby," said her father, entering the room. "She's a nice girl, and I am glad for her. Who is the gentleman, Ruby?"

"Mr. Graham Morris of Milwaukee, a splendid fellow, with plenty of means. Where's Aunt Rebecca and Suky, Dad? They must know."

"Come down and hear the news, Rebecca," called Hiram, at the landing.

"What about," said Rebecca, bustling down stairs, into the sitting room, where she found intense excitement, Angy's crochet work was on the floor, Ruby's letter was held in Hiram's hand, and Ruby



herself went forward to be the first to spread the news to Aunt Rebecca.

"Where is Suky?" she exclaimed as her aunt entered.

"I don't know, I am sure—she was going out!"

"Ruby has got to go back east before the thirtieth of March," said Angy.

"For pity sake what for?"

"Oh, Aunt Rebecca, let me tell you that Evelyn Nutting is engaged, and I am to be her maid of honor."

"Graham Morris, did you say?"

"Yes, Aunt Rebecca."

"That's a good name. Who'd a thought she would have found a beau before you, Ruby. Did you know there was anybody interested in her?"

"Yes, I will confess all, I urged her to go to Mrs. Stacy's house telling her there was to be a surprise party, knowing he was to be there."

"Oh, how funny," says Angy. "That was the date you guarded her not to forget when she left us at the station."

"She just met him the thirtieth of January and now it's the middle of March."

"Oh, Ruby, don't you ever do any such a way. It's positively disgraceful. How any girl knows her own mind in six weeks, I can't see."

"Well, Rebecca Ann," says Hiram, "you've taken plenty of time to pick out your beau."

"Ruby couldn't do it up as quick as that," says Angy, "for she met him close on to a year ago."



“Who,” says Rebecca excitedly.

“Lord—”

“Mother, dear!”

“Don’t inquire too close, Rebecca Ann,” says  
Hiram.



## L

**T**O the surprise and comment of some of the young people, Ruby absents herself from them a few days before the wedding but when Evelyn's bridal day arrives Ruby appears with the other guests at the magnificent home of Mr. and Mrs. Nutting.

The house, which is in Brookline, is grand and spacious, set high on terraced grounds. The decorations are of rare orchids and palms. The rush of carriages leaving their precious freight is constant. The glitter of the electricity brings out the magnificence of the toilettes. One by one we pick out the familiar faces.

Promptly at eight o'clock the bridal party take their places. The fair maid of honor, which is Ruby, precedes the bride.

Never had she looked sweeter, her friends thought. Her beautiful Parisian gown, though simple, of softest pink, clung in graceful folds about her.

Following closely was Evelyn, on the arm of her father, in rich ivory satin carrying a shower bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley.

The party halted under a canopy of orchids and ferns and the minister, in clear distinct accents



pronounced the words so dear to Evelyn and then mid the whirl of congratulations they passed out in joyous meters until Ruby was called hastily from the happy company. A dispatch had been handed to her to the effect that the friends of her mother, whom she had visited before her return west, desired Ruby to come to them immediately.

Ruby, full of gloomy forebodings for the well being presumably of her family west, hastened her departure, leaving as quietly as possible.

The carriage was at the door. She gave the driver careful and concise directions as to where to go and what to do.

The door closed upon our fair heroine.

A stranger, as the door clicked, held a hurried conversation with the driver and both stepped on to the box together.

What were Ruby's thoughts? Perhaps she had pictured some terrible accident to her father, and what was the man with the driver thinking about?

The horses were hurried along, keeping up an even trot until Copley Square in Boston was reached. Here, as if frightened, they turned the corner into Dartmouth street making a dangerous skidding but the dextrous hand of the coachman righted the hack with a quick pull of the reins and the carriage rolled on until an apothecary's in the vicinity was reached. Here the horses were brought to an abrupt halt, Ruby alighting quickly, leaving the carriage door ajar, and going directly to the telephone booth where



she stayed a few minutes, then she emerged, made a small purchase and then retraced her steps.

Next we see the carriage with its occupant being whirled madly along down the main thoroughfare towards the Common.

It was now ten o'clock. The West Boston bridge was crossed, then on and on they went towards the open country. The moon's rays no more lighted the heavens. The roadway was narrow and rough.

Suddenly a halt was made. A heavily laden produce team loaded with barrels and boxes for the Boston market had got stuck in the mud across the road in such a way that the hack could not pass. They tried to back their team and in so doing the axle broke, letting down the whole conglomerate mass on to the hack and about the horses in one tangled heap.

The horses took fright and rushed madly forward through a densely wooded road. Not slackening their pace they rushed ahead for the bridge. The carriage careened and in a moment more was in an unshapely mass against the rail.

The driver was thrown with his companion and injured. The horses cleared themselves and rushed frantically forward until their resounding hoof beats became but a faint medley of sound away in the distance.

The bells from the distant clock tower struck one.

At this time a covered buggy containing a man approached the easterly end of the bridge.



Then, hurrying along with lantern and search lights, came two men on foot.

From the opposite direction another carriage approached with but a single passenger.

"Whose team was that?" said the two.

"I met the horses tearing along the road and I went for neighbor Beady here to put up a quick search."

"Here is one passenger," cried one of the men, the driver, as his number indicated.

He is unconscious and is lifted into the first and largest carriage. The other man is rescued, seemingly badly injured and is taken away in the smaller buggy after a hurried consultation as to the wearer of the woman's apparel that lay scattered along the bridge.

"Let us have your names and addresses," said the man in the smaller carriage, "in case the affair should require any evidence on our behalf," and this being accomplished, the two injured men were borne away in haste leaving the two pedestrians throwing their lights this way and that in a search to reveal the owner of the scattered belongings.

Now they threw their lights into the river below, then along the bank, then in turn back by the roadside.

Not a sound save the swash of the lapping river on its bank.

Then the silence was brought to a close by the swearing of one of the men.



"This is the strangest affair I ever heard of. Where is the owner of this wearing apparel?" and he picked up an evening wrap, the pieces of rare lace, torn and tattered, hanging to it.

"Coming from some kind of party, I should say. Not many fixings of this order around these parts," and the hunt went steadily on until day dawned and they gave up their search for the time being.

"This is the biggest puzzle I ever had laid out afore me to fathom," one said to the other, "but only time can decipher it. I don't like the idea of giving up beat. I never did. Allus afore I have been able to pick up some clue, but in this case the fragments of the dress are the clues to be sure, but they are hitched to fathomless space as if they dropped down from the clouds. Queer, queer," he muttered as he went farther and farther away.

The townspeople were shocked to read in the Boston papers of the disaster. The item read:

"Carriage smash-up—driver and occupants of a hack coming from Boston way thrown and badly injured. The fragments of garments of a young woman, presumably a passenger returning from a dance, were found scattered along the bridge but the body can not be found. No clue as yet that would in any way throw any light on the affair."

A crowd of gaping loafers, intermingled with the town's people bent on dragging the river, poured in upon the scene.

Souvenirs of the tangled mass of wreckage of the



carriage were eagerly gouged from the cushions, the wheels and fragments of the reins, and from the crowd were discerned the two men that at daybreak had left their arduous hunt.

Hurrying up to them are the two strangers that had borne the injured men away.

"Well, no clue, the paper says."

"That's about it," came the answer.

"Will the men pull through?"

"Yes, I think so. They are at the hospital. The driver has regained consciousness and the unknown man is not as badly hurt as was supposed at first."

"That's good, but the girl's fate is a mystery. Her body must be somewhere in the vicinity. If in the river the current is very sluggish along here."

"The hospital authorities, I think, know more than they will tell. This I am sure of, that the attendants to this stranger," he said, lowering his voice, "have found an anonymous letter in the fellow's overcoat pocket and in another a bottle of chloroform. It, the letter, gave the impression that this young woman was going to run off with some fellow and he, the injured man, was advised to stay close to her to protect her."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the shout from the searchers that a hat had been found some way down the river bank.

Excitement ran riot all day, but night came without another clue, and the neighborhood was left dazed.



## LI

**S**HALL we look in upon the home circle at Montecito. The household is greatly concerned over the sudden illness of Mrs. Hastings. The doctor pronounces her case one of kidney trouble, which affects her eyesight, also brings about a bad swelling of her limbs.

Mr. Hastings is consulting the doctor in the sitting room as we arrive.

"What is best for us to do, Dr. Klingwinter," said Mr. Hastings.

"Keep her absolutely quiet! Let no one see her. Let her daughter know, of course, of her serious condition, but in no way by any action on your part let her see a trace of your concern for her. Let her think that she will be up and around in a few days at longest. This is not deceit on your part, Mr. Hastings, but what in such cases brings forth a favorable result quicker. She might brood over her condition if it were not so."

"I understand," says Mr. Hastings, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. "It shall be as you say. I will ask you to speak to Miss Rebecca and my niece on your way out, Doctor. I will go to my wife," but he was called below stairs by a dispatch close after the doctor's departure.



He grew nervous as he always did if any message from the east was received.

He opened and read. It was a message from some one that was urging him to come east as quickly as possible that awakened in him thoughts of troubles of some kind for Ruby.

He was also warned not to let Angenette suspect any trouble and for all members of the household to keep the knowledge of the message entirely to themselves. So without divulging anything, he starts off, Angy presuming it is a little business in Seattle.

Now shall we follow him closely. After an uneventful run across country he is met by a stranger in Boston.

The two take a carriage and are driven hurriedly away.

Next we look upon Mr. Hastings boarding a train back west.

We ask what all this is about.



## LII

**P**AUL Stacy, for he is the passenger that took his seat beside the driver on the fated night unbeknown to Ruby, is released from the hospital.

He carries the thrilling and awful news home, picturing out the whole affair.

All Wellesley is enveloped in gloom as he repeats the horrible tale—how the provision team collided with the hack, how he and the driver had been taken to the hospital, and how Ruby's body had disappeared completely. Presumably, as the carriage struck the bridge rail, she had been thrown into the river and drowned. He had learned from the nurses that her hat and fragments of her clothing had been found close to the spot.

Evelyn, of course, was not at home. What a terrible blow to her, thought Paul, upon her return from her bridal trip.

Consternation reigned. Upon inquiry Mr. Stacy found that no message had been sent to Ruby's parents, as all newspaper accounts had not in any way intimated who the victims of the accident were.



"Oh, what a terrible thing," he thought. "A beautiful young life cut down without a moment's warning." His own heart was bleeding. He had done all in his power. He tried to console himself. Had he foreseen the accident, which of course he could not, he would have prevented it, as he really thought by going he was befriending her. The news spread now as if on wings. All Montecito was in a frenzy.

Rebecca Ann and Suky were prostrated over the news. All Yanonalit was thrown into the deepest gloom.

Callers began thronging to the Hastings home. All California knew of the sudden grief that had come to this household.

Angy, to be sure, knew nothing. She was still very sick. Mr. Hastings, true to the doctor's commands, had kept all news from her.

Rebecca Ann at length braced herself and saw some of the visitors. Delia was beside herself.

"How kin Oi kape it from her mither iny way longer," she said to the doctor.

"You must, that is all," was his decided answer. "This is a time to show your strength. Her life depends absolutely on quiet, Delia."

Suky at the height of the excitement received a letter from her lawyer, Russell Gore, requesting an early interview. This was complied with. Rebecca Ann, pale and worn, steps into the lawyer's presence, with her niece Suky Rocks. He brings up to them



how they approached him about breaking the will, and hints to them if the fact be divulged by him, how they might be blamed for the disappearance of Ruby.

He also informs Suky of her visit to the Oriental Seer in Santa Barbara.

Strange to say he tells Suky of some of the questions she asked the medium, which were facts somewhat incriminating.

They were terribly worked up over his conversation, especially Suky. Her face grew pale, and she looked dazed, but a gleam of joy passed over the lawyer's face at the outcome of the interview, as Rebecca Ann and Suky passed out distressed and worried looking.



### LIII

A familiar face attracts us as the western train is threading its way toward the Golden State.

We recognize her to be the Orientalist that we viewed with Suky Rocks at the Hotel some time before.

Again as we follow her we find her located with her maid at the same hotel.

She is reading a letter in a man's handwriting and observing still farther we catch some name of interest to us but of which we cannot speak and with the memory of it we see Suky Rocks, not in imagination but in reality, stepping into this, to her the sanctifying presence of Madam Calif.

The medium smiles a genial recognition and as before bows low.

"What can I do for you today? You seem to be undecided in your own mind what to do about what is to you of such vital importance. Go ahead as your lawyer requests. You may trust him. Let another executor be appointed. It will be for your good. Your cousin is dead. You will have increased property. You will attract the doctor if you choose. Go!" said the medium pointing de-



cidedly. "Go. Do as I say," and Suky made a hasty retreat, her brain awlirl.

"Shall I at last realize my hopes?"

She was then entering the carriage and Peter with the old time pomp set the horses to the usual trot, all unmindful of the excitement that held Suky with a death-like grip.

"It shall be so. She has told me it is well. At last I shall be rich, grand, and glorious with the man of my choice at last falling at my feet. I will write Russell Gore at once to go ahead and petition to the court and then my part is done. Time will accomplish the rest. Of course I shall expect to pay him well but it will be a mere pittance at most in comparison with my great wealth so soon to be at my command."



## LIV

**R**AYMUND Gerard seats himself comfortably in the train that is leaving New York for the west.

We at once pronounce him more, prosperous looking, more business like if possible than when we last saw him at Seattle.

He took his paper from his pocket, but by noting closely his every move, we mistrust that from the cover of this breastwork he is quietly watching a certain passenger that the porter has just shown to the section nearest the drawing room.

Morning dawns. The hours pass. Raymund's face wears a puzzled expression. The section nearest the drawing room is vacant. He holds a low confidential conversation with the conductor and seems satisfied, then as if fancy led him he makes a bolt presumably for the observation car for there we find him sitting in one of the easy arm chairs, facing the retreating sleepers in a meditative mood. Of a sudden he jumps to his feet and makes for the writing desk in the rear.

In so doing he comes face to face with a fair passenger, bows low, steps to one side and seats himself for his task.



The train sped on. Raymund seemed to be dreaming. The letter was finished, but why did he linger? Another passenger impatiently sat and watched him, then asked if he were through.

Raymund jumped to his feet with many apologies and took the stranger's seat.

Another link in the chain of circumstances, another coincidence. There beside him sat the idol of his heart.

She glances from her book as he seats himself.

Another silence and then as if fate decreed, an unobserving passenger swept past them brushing the young woman's wrap from her lap. Raymund picked it up and passed it to her.

"Thank you," she said, "I am greatly obliged."

The first dinner call was given. The fair passenger wended her way as best she could for the dining car, stopping only a second at her drawing room to brush back her wealth of dark hair before doing so, and was shown by the head waiter to the only available seat.

Raymund Gerard sat opposite and as the meal proceeded entered into conversation with the retiring young lady before him.

"Are you travelling far?" he ventured.

"Yes, sir, to Seattle."

"How delightful. That is my destination. Is your home there? May I ask your name? Here is my card."

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard, you may call me Vivian



Sleeper. I am an actress, that is all I can say. Actresses have their part to play both on the stage and off. I have my reasons for not being too communicative with people. I am fleeing from my would be rivals. Don't look so perplexed, Mr. Gerard. I am not an imposter, neither am I an adventuress."

"Would it be asking too much of you, Miss Sleeper, if I requested that I might talk with you a short while in the observation car?"

"It really would give me pleasure, Mr. Gerard. Time does hang so heavy on a long journey if you don't make acquaintances."

And merrily ran the conversation far beyond the time limit.

Day after day the fellow travellers thought they were following a well defined romance, for Vivian, once acquainted, was extremely fascinating.

Raymund was desperately in love with Miss Vivian, no one could doubt.

Seattle was reached. Miss Sleeper bade him farewell, promising to write him very soon and Raymund went his way.

He became extremely busy with his business, his mining interests and last of all, when we lose sight of him, he is closing a deal, he having purchased one of the handsomest residences in Seattle for investment.



## LV

**A**ND shall we hasten to pick up the ravelled thread of thought in this romance?

After several interviews with his clients, Suky Rocks and Rebecca Ann Hastings, Russell Gore petitions the Probate Court for a date to be set when a hearing can be had to request the appointment of another executor to serve with Hiram Hastings, sole executor under the will of his brother, the late William Hastings of Seattle, Washington.

Russell Gore receives the date in due time from the Court for this hearing for the twenty-seventh of April.

Lawyer Gore is secretly hoping to get the appointment himself.

The day arrives. The defence have availed themselves in the time given to produce witnesses, for with Mr. Hastings are Lord and Norcross, his attorneys and four or more men.

Russell Gore, counsel for Suky Rocks and Rebecca Ann Hastings, has the Oriental Seer with her maid, as witnesses.



Russell Gore takes the stand to present his clients' petition for the appointment of the second executor.

Having been duly sworn he presents his case.

On the evening of March 30, 1900, Ruby Hastings of Montecito, California, the chief beneficiary under the will of William Hastings of Seattle, Wash., was without doubt killed in a runaway accident in a Boston suburb between the hours of eleven P. M. and one o'clock the following morning, as proof positive has been found in clothing known to belong to Ruby Hastings.

This hat and wrap have been identified by Hiram Hastings, the father of the said Ruby Hastings, as property belonging to his daughter.

Under the will of the late William Hastings, in the event of the death of any legatee, his or her bequest should be equally divided among the remaining beneficiaries.

Mr. Hastings was appointed sole executor. "In behalf of the interest of my clients a second executor should be appointed."

Mr. Hastings' lawyers requested Russell Gore to take the stand as a witness and be sworn.

This he did with alacrity.

"Where were you Mr. Gore in March, 1900?"

"Travelling in California and Mexico."

"Where were you the night of March 30, 1900?"

"San Diego, California."

The next witness was one of the pedestrians who came to the bridge the night of the tragedy.

"I believed the then unknown woman to have been drowned, sir."



His companion, known to us as Beady, was called, duly sworn and he confirmed the belief of the other that the young woman was drowned.

"Have you ever seen Russell Gore before?" questioned the lawyer in clear ringing words.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"He came to the bridge on the fatal night in a carriage."

A dead silence ensued. Then another question came.

"Had you had any previous dealings with Mr. Gore before that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"I was hired by him, sir, to assist in the abduction."

"That's all," said the lawyer looking at Mr. Gore, scathingly.

"Will Mr. Grantville step upon the stand again?"

"To your best knowledge, Mr. Grantville, was there any other man or woman implicated in the plot to abduct this girl?"

"Yes, sir. A woman."

"Would you know her if you should see her?"

"Yes, sir. She is sitting in this court room."

A stir came among the spectators, a craning of necks and bodies and whispers of "who is she?" came from the throng.

The next and last witness was called 'mid the excitement—the occupant of the smaller buggy.



The door of the court room opened and Ruby Hastings entered and stood before the astonished court.

Consternation held the company in a herculean grip for one instant, then the truth swept the assembled people. Pandemonium reigned. The Oriental Seer was attacked with heart failure and borne between two stalwart court officials to an ante-room to die.

She had been struck by death from fright, the doctor said.



## LVI

**R**USSELL Gore was held for perjury and attempted abduction.

His face grew white and drawn as Rebecca Ann Hastings rose and asked to be heard.

“Your honor,” she said, drawing herself up to her full height. “I have been drawn into this affair in carrying out what I thought to be my duty, first, to see the length the said Suky Rocks would go against her cousin, Ruby Hastings, then, as the intriguing lawyer and false friend of Ruby got together, I, as well as Suky Rocks, have been threatened and driven to promising and assigning as this lawyer saw fit until his last act of having another executor appointed, which now I am sure was for the sole purpose of cheating the estate of the said William Hastings, my brother, out of a large amount to be divided as spoils between himself and Ruby’s false friend.”

A hush fell over the place as the official came in and in low, penetrating words said that the Orientalist, after great mental agony, had passed away.

The two men that had so grandly come forward and implicated Russell Gore were dismissed blame-



less as the men and women were passing hurriedly to the ante-room to view the remains.

"Beatrice Vandyke, can it be possible?" cried Ruby as she viewed the lifeless form of her would-be slayer.

"Oh, Dad, how could she?" and she would have fallen had it not been for the prompt move of none other than Raymund Gerard.

"Sit down, Miss Hastings."

"Oh, can it be possible, Mr. Gerard, that you are here?"

"Vivian," he said, as he held her hand, "Vivian Sleeper. I can see why you were such a good actress."

Their reverie was broken when a sharp cry came from Suky's lips as she realized the Orientalist's duplicity, how she herself had been the victim of that deception and with a glint of goodness shining through her rough exterior, she asked Ruby's forgiveness and with a heart full of sympathy toward her false cousin, Ruby took her hand and granted it.

And 'mid the confusion of it all Ruby heard the ringing accents that came like a benediction to her troubles. "Whatever comes in your life you will always be protected from harm."

What speaking words they were to her that wafted her out into the still air away from everything unpleasant.

Mrs. Hastings was up and about when Ruby arrived, totally oblivious of all that had passed.



She held an open letter in her hand and her face fairly beamed as she thrust it before her Ruby to read.

"He is coming in just a month. I hope Hiram will approve."

Mr. Gerard at this moment emerged from the path, with Mr. Hastings.

Mrs. Hastings stood motionless.

"Mother, dear, father is coming."

"Who has he with him, Ruby?"

"Angy," said Hiram, his face beaming, "here is our future son-in-law."

"Son-in-law, oh my breath. How do you do, son-in-law," she said, passing up her hand that still was clutching the folded letter from Lord Neverskeen. "I am just getting over a slight attack of sickness. What does Hiram mean, Ruby? Is he joking his Angy?"

Raymund stepped quickly forward and took both of Mrs. Hastings' hands in his and led her to one of the rustic seats near by.

Here he poured out in accents of the lover all his heartfelt feelings for her daughter, all about their engagement and even the day that was set for their wedding, which was the fourth of October.

"What shall I do? What shall I do," moaned Angy. "Read this," she said, passing the crumpled pages of Lord Neverskeen's letter before his reluctant gaze.

"Oh, this is such a surprise for you, Mrs. Hastings.



I don't blame you one bit. Mr. Hastings meant no harm but he did thrust the news upon you hoping to give you a happy surprise."

"Does Hiram like you?" she said, looking at him imploringly.

"Here he comes now. Let him speak for himself, Mrs. Hastings."

"Her wedding dress is all made that she was to wear when she married Lord Neverskeen, Mr. Gerard, but Hiram don't know it."

"Oh, wifey, why are you in tears? Cheer up, that's a dear. Raymund, here, is the nicest fellow ever born."

"I don't doubt it, Hiram, but it is such a blow because I considered Ruby the same as engaged to Lord Neverskeen."

"There! there! Angy. Your nerves are all unstrung."

"You see our Ruby has had a lot of beaux. Jack Templeton was very ardent but none has pleased me like you, Raymund," said Hiram, his face beaming. "I never saw this Lord Neverskeen, Angy speaks about. Wifey, come with me to see the new garden. Raymund, you fetch Ruby."

"New garden, Hiram, where?"

"Lean on my arm, dear, we will come upon it in a minute."

"Oh Hiram," she exclaimed, "what a beautiful spot."

Lord Neverskeen's letter fell from her hands in her excitement.



It seemed like another world, for there before her was a miniature wind-mill, Dutch plants, pergola and curving walks.

"Oh Hiram, when did you have all this done?"

"You see Raymund's ancestors came from Holland and I thought it a novel scheme to honor our future son-in-law in this way."

"Oh, what magnificent flowers, Hiram. What is this?"

"These are the Japanese pergola, Angy. This is the staghorn fern from Australia."

"Oh, Hiram, what a fairy land of verdure. This is what you were overseeing when you said you were away in Seattle on business, wan't it? I never saw such palms, such rare flowers all laid out in such handsome terraced effects."

"Imagine this place lit up with electricity, Angy, and strains of the wedding march floating about it."

"Oh, what are these, Hiram?"

"Those are Chinese jupiters and this is a Japanese cypress, claimed to be over a thousand years old."

"And these?"

"I forget, Angy. I shall have to have them marked. Look ahead, Angy," and there sure enough was a sunken Italian garden, with marble stands with dainty flowers held in bird-like holders.

"Oh, Hiram, it will never do for me to come here alone for I should get lost the same as I did when I was in London."

"Lost, Angy," said Hiram, "in London!"



"Oh, I shouldn't have told you, Hiram. I got Ruby to promise never to tell but I did get lost and it was only by Ruby's great sagacity that I was found."

"Here they come now," says Hiram. "Let us straighten out this Lord Neverskeen business, Angy. Raymund is our Ruby's choice and that, if for no other reason, should be ours."

"Yes, Hiram, but Lord Neverskeen, he was such a good man, too. How will I straighten it, Hiram? You do it. Sit down son-in-law and Ruby," says Angy. "Hiram wants to straighten out about Lord Neverskeen."

"Why, Angy, I really don't know anything about him," pleaded Hiram. "I meant for you to."

"Oh, Ruby, I can't. You do it. Tell him everything. How you first met him, how kind he was and how much he admired your voice and leave out if you must what he said to you in parting, if you don't want to divulge that, perhaps Mr. Gerard would overlook it. Wouldn't you, son-in-law?"

"Why, really, Mrs. Hastings," he began, not knowing just what to say.

"She never told me or I surely would tell you," Angy ran on, thinking this the only way to pass over it.

"Mother, dear, I never expected to marry Lord Neverskeen. I don't understand why all this seeming apology is required."

"I never said before to you, Ruby, but I was so



sure you would have him that I had your bridal dress made in Paris and I have it in the house."

"My bridal dress. Impossible, mother."

"Yes, Hiram come help me get the trunk open. They mutilated the lock at the custom house."

The truth dawned upon Ruby.

That was the something in the trunk that she could not see.

Her face grew crimson.

Raymund saw the joke and they went together and viewed the gorgeous Parisian robe, Hiram laughing the whole affair off as a huge joke that he was not aware his Angy was capable of.

"I won't ever even suggest again, Angy, that you can't keep a secret for I know you can."

Raymund smiled and looking toward Ruby, he said, "If it had been you, instead of your mother, that had become so enamored of this most worthy lord, I would not have been the happy man that I am today."

Ruby's cheeks flushed and Mr. Hastings, wanting Angy to become reconciled as soon as possible, suggested that Raymund should show her the additions to the house which until this moment he had not divulged.

"This house, Hiram?"

"Yes. That's why I have always seen to it that you have had your meals served to you in your room," and off she went on Raymund's arm.

"Now, Ruby, I want to show you another plant



out in the garden, to see if you can tell me what it is," said her father.

Once there he began plying Ruby with questions.

"It came across me last night how you got your information, your warning, of all this scheming against your life, in time to escape. I knew the man was a detective that met me in Boston, when I was sent for, but what inkling did you receive and from whom that made you scent the danger and hire this officer to look out for you at that time."

"I will tell you, Dad. I went to a dinner at a Mrs. Stanhouse's, to her daughter's coming out party and there they told me the wonderful results of going to a certain first class astrologer. They urged me to go and have a reading just before leaving college for the Christmas holidays at the time of the big storm and I did. He told me my life was in danger and not to leave Boston until a certain time, so I escaped the storm. Naturally, I went again on my return from Europe. It was then he warned me about the plan to harm me and of my secret enemies, so I hired the detective to take my place in the carriage on that eventful ride when a certain apothecary's was reached, I going back to my room on Beacon Hill."

"Well, I never, Ruby. How strange—and I can't blame you one bit. There must be something in such things after all."

"Ah! Good morning," said Mr. Hastings looking up as a step on the gravel warned him of a visitor.



**E**ARLY in September, Raymund with a trusty servant made a short trip to his timber land in the Cascade mountains.

They were just nearing camp when out of the forest came the notes of a solemn dirge.

"Faith, sor, what is that, Mr. Gerard?"

Raymund listened. His eyes stared for a something he could not see.

"That voice," he spoke aloud. "Where have I heard it before?"

He covered his eyes as if recollection would serve him better if he shut everything from his vision.

At that instant Martin called to him to look quick and there close to the mountain stream a man was walking to and fro.

"Solitude, you have my secret," came the clear tenor voice. "Misery, be gone," he declaimed and then dropped to the ground and buried his face in his hands and it is in this posture we remember the anguish and disappointment of none other than Jack Templeton.

"Ah, how few," said he to himself, "mourn as he has. What a sad picture and yet how sweet the life that can command such idolatry," and Raymund unseen bade Martin hasten with him back to the world.

. . . . .



"Sit down on this seat, Dr. Hosford. Here's Ruby. How did you find your way, doctor, through this labyrinth of bloom?"

"Isn't Dad the dearest man to give us such a surprise in this new garden?"

"Well, yes," said he, mechanically, secretly dreading his mission.

"Your niece, Miss Rocks, asked me to call, Mr. Hastings, in regard to her property left her by her Uncle William."

"Her legacy," said Hiram, his forehead knotting.

"Yes, Mr. Hastings, 'tis this way. She has explained her underhanded dealings against your daughter, she has told me how Miss Hastings forgave her everything and how it filled her so with remorse and shame for what she had done that she wants to leave your home to become a missionary to try to make reparation for her former sins."

"Well, I'll make over her money, Dr. Hosford."

The clergyman cleared his throat, looked a moment toward the beauty on every hand and began, "Miss Rocks has experienced religion and asks that she may be excused from meeting any of the family until she becomes born again, as it were, in her new life."

"Don't cry, Ruby. So you are a reformer with all the rest, eh," says Hiram.

"I'll see you tomorrow at eleven o'clock," and the reverend gentleman bowed and made a hasty exit.



## LVIII

**A**LL Yanonalit was in a whirl of excitement. Aunt Lucinda Stebbins, with the rest, for Ruby's wedding day was close at hand.

Old and young were making gifts for Ruby, Mrs. Croby guiding the children in weaving the loving tokens of their own handiwork.

And the rosy lips of dawn proclaimed the bridal morn.

How beautiful upon the mountain Dame Nature sang, as she peered through the mist of the awakening hour.

What lyric charm the dew drops have as they rest in the arms of day.

What prophet's pen could dispel the charm of eagle heights!

What mythical Garuda could still the winged clarion of the rocky peaks!

What symphony of thought when the billowy clouds become the mouthpiece of creation, and the rhododendron and the laurel stand mute and grand in their wild home of beauty.

Catch the breath of the ocean zephyrs wafted from a sun-kissed shore.



Feel the touch of the Master's hand in the labyrinth of olive and palm trees, the yucca and the bamboo.

See the sycamore and the pepper trees and the bearded oaks, mute guardians of the place.

Hark, does imagination call?

Does the poetry of motion lure us on?

Look! Behold!

A flood of sunshine illumined the magnificent courtyard at the Hastings home.

The magnitude and grandeur of the place held the guests spellbound.

What surprises from every arch and balcony.

Here Apollo seemed to look upon the festive scene, there the water nymphs guarding the fountain whose pure waters invited all to quench their thirst and from the numberless palms and palmettos the dainty lilies peered and from yonder terraced perch the acacia nodded to the breeze and the forget-me-nots with up-turned faces said "'tis well," for out of the recesses of somewhere came the strains of the wedding march.

Nearer and clearer, and from the outlook of the balcony a bevy of children with flags and flowers emerged, glided down the fern bordered staircase and made a human guard around the mosaic at the center of the courtyard.

All eyes were expectant for the bride and as she entered on the arm of her father a halo of glory filled the place.



What a picture to hang in the memory like a beautiful star whose radiant light is felt the length and breadth of its ways!

Her magnificent Parisian gown clung in rich folds of ivory satin about her. The delicately embroidered orange blossoms glimmering under the filmy gauze of the bridal veil, caught by a diamond tiara, gift of the groom.

Thus Raymund, radiant and happy, beheld his bride.

As the impressive ceremony which united these two lives together ended, Angy murmured to Hiram that "their Ruby was the prettiest bride in all the land."

"Oh Ruby," says Angy hysterically, "I can't remember what Rebecca Ann told me to say. Hiram you congratulate them, that's a dear."

"Angy wants for words but not for the heartiest, most heartfelt and grandest success to follow you both along life's happy way," says Hiram warmly.

"Boo-hoo," cried Angy, "to think I couldn't congratulate my own daughter and son-in-law. What a dreadful thing."

"It's all right, mother, dear, isn't it Raymund?"

"Most certainly, mother. You wanted secretly all the time to bring into prominence your husband's eloquence."

"Well," says Rebecca Ann, stepping up, "don't look for oratory from me. I wish you both happiness, long life, and prosperity," and she passed on



giving room for the crush of guests who were anxiously awaiting their turn to congratulate the happy pair.

Strains of festive music came from a breastwork of palms and from a massive tent dainty delicacies were being served.

Lord Neverskeen, Dr. Klingwinter, Evelyn Morris, with her husband, Claude Adair and Paul Stacy were prominent figures.

Praise for the bride was on every lip, Piper John being distinctly heard to say from one of the groups that Ruby Hastings' last and most magnanimous act was going to be the building of a trade school for the young folks of Yanonalit.

All eyes were turned upon Ezra Stark as he escorted his Judy and Aunt Lucinda with faltering steps to give their blessing to Ruby and her handsome husband.

"Hain't changed a mite, has she, Judy?" says Ezra, "just the same as she allus was!"

Let the finger hold the page while we look once again on the beauty and glory of the Daughter of Angy.



## AFTERWARDS

A beautiful child has come to grace the Hastings home, Hiram Hastings Gerard.

Rebecca Ann declares brother Hiram, Angenette and all will surely spoil him if something cannot be done to prevent it.

As we write, news of Suky Rocks' wedding is handed in, Rebecca Ann being first to discover that she had married a noted missionary.

"How strange some things seem," she said as she stalked majestically from the romance.















OCT 20 1911



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